

~~Revised and corrected~~

# BIOGRAPHIA GALICA:

OR THE



# LIVES

Of the most eminent.

## French Writers

OF BOTH SEXES.

~~Revised and corrected~~



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# BIOGRAPHIA GALLICA

OR, THE

## LIVES

Of the most eminent

## French Writers

Of BOTH SEXES,

IN

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*Decus terrarum, animæ.* *SIL. ITAL.*

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French Biography

B

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## P R E F A C E.

**I**F the following sheets do not recommend themselves by scientific researches, or political dissertations; if the beauty of virtue, or the turpitude of vice be not the immediate subject of them: yet, besides their entertainment, which they certainly afford to readers of every taste, they do not want their usefulness. Here, by real instances, is seen the advantage of literature and genius; many by these talents emerging from want and obscurity to a splendid figure. Here the great world is unanswerably vindicated from the charge of neglecting merit; for if ever the distresses of a fine writer have been extreme, they have been owing to his own profuseness, and an irreclaimable abuse of his patron's generosity.

It is no injustice to the other distinguished luminaries in the sphere of science, to say that these persons were selected



as equal, if not superior, to all other writers of that nation, famed for excelling in the solid and grand, as they take the lead of all Europe in the trifling and ludicrous. For though the French literati, who have been accounted the glories of the liberal reign of Lewis XIV. fill several quarto volumes, many are obscure and uniform, none abound with more striking incidents, or more interesting particulars than these, to which we hope the collateral pieces of history will be an acceptable improvement.



BIOGRAPHIA

# BIOGRAPHIA GALLICA:

OR THE

L I V E S

OF THE

Most eminent FRENCH WRITERS,  
from the restoration of learning  
under Francis I. to the present  
time.

WILLIAM BUDÉ, born 1467,  
died 1540.

UDÉ, in his youth, was led  
away by an excessive fond-  
ness for hunting, and other plea-  
sures, so that it was late in life  
before he sat down to his books. To  
have been the first instrument of reviving  
literature in France under Francis I. is  
Budé's undisputed honour, it being at his  
persuasion, that the College royal at Paris  
was founded by that excellent monarch.

I B

It

It was Budé's happiness, (and would to God it were that of all learned men!) that his wife, so far from leading him an uneasy life, as buried in his closet, was an assistant to him in his studies, reaching him his books, and searching out any passages he wanted. In a letter to one of the same genius, he facetiously represents himself as married to two wives, by one of which he had sons and daughters; and by Dame Philologia the other, books, which helped to the maintenance of his natural issue. The first twelve years of his marriage, the former was much more prolific than Philologia, or than he himself wished; his children were more in number than his books, his body had been sufficiently in action, whilst his mind was in a torpid state; but, concludes Budé, I am now upon retrieving past supineness, and hope at least to bring my books to be upon a par with my children.

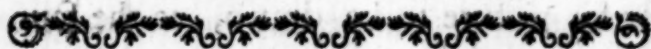
One day a servant came running to him all in a fright, whilst he was close at study, crying out, Sir, Sir, the house is on fire! Why don't you inform your mistress of it, answered Budé, without any emotion; you know very well, that I never concern myself about the house.

The moment that Budæus heard, that Harmonymus, a very eminent Grecian, was come to Paris, he invited him to make his house his own; and in acknowledgment of his instructions, besides a settled salary, at his departure gave him 500 pieces of gold. He never would suffer his picture to be drawn, as the four following verses testify :


*When living, Budé would not be drawn by painters,  
Nor after death desired the praise of poets,  
For leaving such bright copies of his mind,  
He scorn'd to have his outward form pourtray'd.*

The clause in his will relating to his funeral, has in it a singularity often observed in extraordinary personages; I will be carried to the grave at night, and without any invitation being made, with one or two torches only; and will not have public notice given, either in the church or city; for I never approved the custom of mournful ceremonies and funeral pomps.—Neither will I have any funeral ceremony, nor other representation about the place of my interment, looking on them as imitations of the Pagan cenotaphia, i. e. honorary monuments. This has, by some, been thought to pro-

ceed from humility ; others ascribe it to secret leaning towards Protestantism. It is incontestable, that Budæus's widow retired to Geneva ; and there, with some of her children, made a public profession of the Protestant religion.



CLEMENT MAROT, born 1495,  
died 1544.

ERTAIN it is, that Marot, for some juvenile trespass, was banished out of Geneva ; but the cause of this ignominy is not very clear : Cayet charges him with having debauched his landlord's wife ; and that adultery being punishable with death, according to the laws of that city, it was by Calvin's interest alone that he escaped the halter ; but there was such a complication of guilt in the fact, that he could not save him from being scourged up and down the city. This seems an invention of malevolence ; for, after such an opprobrium, with what face could Marot, as he actually did, present himself before the generals of the French



French army in Piedmont? where, after many struggles, he found but an indifferent shelter for the refiner of French poetry, and died very poor at Turin.

Marot, though valet-de-chambre to the king, and though he had been wounded and taken prisoner at Pavia, was frequently in extreme indigence; in one of his streights, he presented the following concise petition to Francis I. who was seldom wanting in liberality to men of merit: "May it please your Majesty, vtd be-  
" stow something upon me to buy books  
" and food; recollection may supply the  
" place of books, but a want of food  
" admits of no expedient."

Marot having discarded a mistress of his (for his friends allow, that the dissentiousness of his court education never wore off entirely,) she, to cross any other amour, lodged an information against him, as a person who made no account of the fast-days enjoined by the church, and who consequently was of heretical principles. Upon this unsupported information, the inquisitor of the faith ordered him to prison. His fautors procured his release; but his enemies got him to be re-imprisoned; the former de-



terminated, that malice should not insult over friendship, put the whole court in motion for his liberty ; after which Marot withdrew to Geneva, a serious place, where morality is valued above all the brilliancy of genius, and where he involved himself in new disgrace.

M. Brossette, known by his commentary upon Despreaux, says, in a letter to Rousseau, "Next to Marot, I know but three persons in all France, who have perfectly succeeded in epigrams, I mean, Despreaux, Racine, and yourself: I am only sorry, that Despreaux has writ too many, that Racine has writ too few ; and that you write no more."

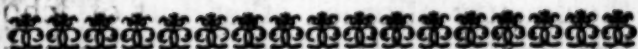
Marot's translation of the Psalms was remonstrated against by the faculty of divinity at Paris, to Francis I. who was so delighted with the specimen, that he put the doctors off, and encouraged the poet to proceed : a translation of thirty Psalms came out, which sold faster than the printers could work them off. In those days, they were not set to music, as now, to be sung at church ; every one sung to what tune he pleased, and commonly to those of ballads ; each of the




they fell into unlucky hands ; for the chairman of the committee, to whom they were referred, turned the affair into a jest ; “ Reverend gentlemen, (said he) “ no-body knew his late majesty’s humour better than myself ; he could “ not endure to stay long any-where, “ till he had reached his journey’s end ; “ and if he did call in at Purgatory, I “ dare say, it was only for a short hair, “ and away.”

Francis I. used to say, that of all the learned men with whom he had conversed, Du Chatel was the only one whose stock would hold out above two years ; all the rest, sooner or later, were quite drained, and reduced to repetitions or silence. — I have heard, says a celebrated writer, a famous historiographer of France frankly own, that he did not know in what century Philip the Fair lived. Marshal Crequi, upon his removal from court, being retired to his seat, the first thing he did was, to enquire after the most universally learned man in the neighbourhood ; the prior of a convent was recommended to him, who had indeed a vast variety of knowledge ; yet, within a fortnight, the Marshal

shal found room to say, that he hoped the country afforded other sort of scholars, for that this was the most ignorant creature in the world.— The president De Mesmes was very learned, and delighted, above all things, in the conversation of learned men, where he was so artful, that it was usually said of him, that, in a week, he could exhaust the best furnished professor in Europe. A contrivance had been formed by some, who envied Du Chatel the royal smile, for supplanting him, by bringing to court, and playing against him one Bigot, a man of address and infinite learning. Francis I. to whom he had been already mentioned, happening to ask Du Chatel what sort of man was this same Bigot? he answered, that he was a philosopher not without merit, but who warmly espoused Aristotle's political sentiments; and what are those? continued the King. Sire, replied Du Chatel, Aristotle is a strong republican, ever decrying monarchy; after this, the king always turned the deaf ear, when they began to harp upon the incomparable M. Bigot.



FRANCIS RABELAIS, born 1483,  
died 1553.

*HE Art of rising in the world*  
 has a passage, that the Cardinal de Bellay, to whom Rabelais was domestic physician, being troubled with an hypocondriac humour, it was resolved, by the skilful gentlemen of the faculty in a consultation, that an aperitive decoction should be prepared without delay for his eminency. Upon this Rabelais takes himself away, leaving the junto to prate themselves into a sweat for a higher fee, orders a huge fire in the yard, and one of the largest kettles, brim-full of water, to be set on, into which he threw all the keys he could find or borrow; then stripped to his doublet, fell to stirring them about with all the anxiety of a cook, lest they should not boil well. The doctors, at their coming down, surprised at such an apparatus, and asking the meaning of Rabelais's sedulity, he made answer, "Gentlemen, I am about



“ about your prescription, keys be-  
“ ing of all things the best aperitives ;  
“ and if this does not satisfy you, I’ll  
“ dispatch a messenger to the arsenal for  
“ half a dozen battering canon, to  
“ make the finishing aperture.”

Rabelais, speaking of the law as dis-  
figured, and intangled by the glossaries  
of civilians, says, that it is a fine robe of  
gold-tissue embroidered with dirt; a far-  
casm certainly as applicable to his Pen-  
tagruel, where the filthiness is not less  
nauseous than the wit is entertaining.

The privileges of the professorship of  
physic at Montpellier having been abo-  
lished by an edict of parliament, at the  
instigation of chancellor Du Prat, an  
artifice of Rabelais procured the repeal  
of that fulminating edict; on which ac-  
count, as a perpetual testimony of gra-  
titude, there is a ceremony at the ad-  
mission of every doctor in that university,  
to be invested with Rabelais’s gown,  
which is carefully preserved: His ar-  
tifice to come at the austere chancellor,  
was thus: he hies away to Paris, where,  
in a kind of venerable garb, he addresses  
this magistrate’s porter in Latin; he runs  
and brings one who understood that lan-



guage, him Rabelais puzzled with Greek; the chaplain being sent for as the last resource, Rabelais put him to a stand with a request in Hebrew; he hastens to acquaint the chancellor, what a wonderful scholar there was below; Rabelais being ordered up, makes a speech, the learning and eloquence whereof extinguished the chancellor's resentment, and the privileges of the university were restored, with some honourable additions.

Rabelais having accompanied the cardinal du Belay to Rome, descanted so licentiously upon the œconomy of that court, that he was obliged to steal away; and by that time he reached France, was in a shattered condition. At Lions he bethought himself of a device, which in those critical times, when the Dauphin had been recently poisoned, might have proved dangerous to a man of less reputation: going to one of the best inns of the place, he orders a dainty supper, and a bed in a handsome room, saying, that he did not affect to make any great appearance, but that he was not the poorest traveller; afterwards sending for a little boy of the landlord's, he

he made him write several labels to be put to some little bags, which Rabelais had filled with dust; one was poison for the king; a second poison for the queen; and others for several illustrious persons; then giving the boy a penny, charged him not to say a word of it to his father and mother; if you do, we shall both be hanged. The child, as Rabelais had imagined, immediately ran and told his mother every thing he had done and seen; the mother, fearful for her son, carries the tale to the intendant; he immediately secures Rabelais, who, in a great consternation, pleaded, that he was only an understrapper, and could reveal many important secrets. Upon this, he was sent with his little bags to Paris, which was the very thing he wished for, with orders, that he should want for nothing upon the road, nor ever be left alone. The council of state were surprised to see the ludicrous Rabelais brought before them as a plotter; but upon hearing his narrative of the whole affair, it ended in a laugh: the intendant, however, was commended for his vigilance.

*Rabelais*

Rabelais has been unreasonably traduced as to his morals ; he was very far from being so bad as he is handed down to us ; and his last hours were truly becoming a moralized Christian ; his calumniators have pretty well adapted their stories to his jocularities ; they publish, that, sensible of the approach of death, he was for having a domino put on him ; “ Then, (says he) I shall be safe, for the Scripture affirms, *Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.*” That when a page of cardinal Belay’s came to enquire after his health, he said, “ Tell his lordship in what a condition you found me ; I am going to take a leap in the dark ; he has a warm nest, and let him hug it close ; as for yourself, you are an irreclaimable foppling. Let fall the curtain ; for the farce is over.” Likewise, they have made this will for him, “ I am not worth a single souze ; I am over head and ears in debt ; the remainder I bequeath to pious uses.” Possibly these aspersions might spread the more easily, from Rabelais’s continual levity, and from his profession as a physician, many being like the priest, who told Winslow, that he had but an

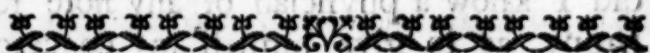
an indifferent opinion of his skill in physic. How so? answered the professor, because I have applied my self to anatomy? Nothing of that, replied the priest; but you are a devout Man; and never did I know a physician of any note so happy, as to give himself any concern about religion. To such a reproach, the learned, the judicious, the pious Boerhaave is one illustrious exception.

Cardinal Belay was so extravagantly bigotted to Rabelais, that being once desired to ask a person of learning to stay dinner; has he read the book? said he, meaning Rabelais's *Pentagruel*: The answer was, No; he is of a serious cast; then let him dine with the servants, replied Belay, as if there could be no merit, without reading that whimsical composition. It is, however, a surprising instance of genius, for it took him up no more time in composing than that which he usually allowed himself for eating.


Of all the Epitaphs on Rabelais, the following was the best received:

*Pluton, prince du noir empire,  
Où les tiens ne rient jamais:  
Reçois aujourd'hui Rabelais,  
Et vous aurez tous de quoi rire.*

*i. e.* Pluto, monarch of the gloomy realms, where laughter has never been heard, this day Rabelais, being one of your Subjects, will give them eternal matter for laughing.



CHARLES DU MOULIN, born 1500,  
died 1566.


 HIS person was of such an indefatigable attachment to the study of the law, and other sciences, that he accounted the indispensable necessities of life so many intruders on his time. The fashion then was, to let the beard grow; but neither the solicitations of his friends, nor the singularity of the appearance, could prevail upon him to forbear having himself shaved; this is, said he, husbanding time much better, than to be continually combing, clipping, and arranging my beard.

The great president De Thou having, in open court, reproved Du Moulin in such harsh terms, as gave him a sensible disquietude, the counsellors went in



a body the next day, to complain of such an indignity, that (as their orator expressed it) he should brow-beat and insult one of their most respectable Members, one, to whom he would never be fit to hold a candle. M. de Thou, instead of resenting such a bold proceeding, or the scurrility of the remonstrance, courteously dismissed them; and the next day declared in open court, that his disgraceful words to M. du Moulin, and so unsuitable to that gentleman's known probity and abilities, had escaped him in a heat; and he acknowledged the injury.

Du Moulin's genius was too well known to himself; and this produced such an extravagant conceit, that by way of preamble to his opinions in law, he usually writ, "I who own no superior, and whom no-body is able to instruct."

In 1552, Du Moulin having composed his Commentary on the disposal of benefices, which put all the literati of Rome to a non-plus, Marshal Anne de Montmorenci one day presenting it to the king, said, "What your august majesty could not compass with

30,000



30,000 men, the bringing the Pope to cry *peccavi*, this little man has brought about by one single little book.

PETER RAMUS, born 1515, died 1573.

RAMUS, to signalise himself by a *coup d'éclat*, chose for his thesis, at passing for master of arts, this proposition, "That all which Aristotle had said was false." The very mention of it occasioned some clamour, in an assembly where Aristotelism was canonical; however, he went on, and fairly silenced his opponent. Inspired by this success, he set about a thorough sifting of all Aristotle's doctrines, with a view of undeceiving the age. His two first pieces on this subject were the rise of great distractions in the university of Paris; his enemies arraigned him in court as a miscreant, who aimed at the utter subversion of learning and religion; parties ran so high, that Francis I. thought the affair not beneath his cognizance, and convened a synod for the exami-

examination of Ramus, where partiality bearing the sway, his books were suppressed, and himself silenced. The exultation of his enemies is scarce imaginable. The shew and pageantry with which they celebrated their triumph, was such, that the most ostentatious princes do not affect a greater parade, after taking a fortress, and gaining a battle. Farces were publicly acted, in which poor Ramus was abused, flouted, and execrated amidst the hisses, hootings, and claps of the Peripatitians.

Ramus had newly been made professor, when an odd affair occasioned a fresh, but more successful display of his abilities: About 1550, the professors of the Royal college took some steps for refining the pronunciation of the Latin from many improprieties crept in through ignorance or affectation, and not a few ecclesiastics adopted their rules; but the Sorbonne opposed all reformation with such acrimony, that they suspended a priest, *ab officio & beneficio*, for presuming, after admonition, to pronounce *quisquis quanquam*, instead of *kiskis kankuam*, the old mode. The priest applies to the parliament, and the royal professors be-  
ing

ing the innovators, were exhorted by Ramus to appear in court, as a point of honour, to be an equipoise against the Sorbonne, which otherwise would certainly crush a helpless single man; they went, and Ramus harangued the bench so much to the purpose, that the plaintiff was restored, and the Latin pronunciation wisely declared a point of indifference.

Never was any person more zealous for the honour and advancement of literature than Ramus. It was the regulation of Francis I. in founding the Royal college, that the professorships should be filled only by men of distinguished merit; but by interest, and other oblique means, some of them were conferred on candidates extremely disqualified, as D'Ampestre obtained that of mathematics, though he had scarce a tolerable knowledge of the first elements. This was beyond bearing; accordingly Ramus brought a public charge of insufficiency against him before the parliament, where it was ordered, that the unworthy intruder should stand an examination. Ramus imagining, that this was liable to be eluded, prevailed upon the  
the

the king to enact, that D'Ampestre, and all others, should undergo a public examination, by the whole convocation of the college, before they were invested with a professorship. D'Ampestre, to avoid the shame of a tryal, to which he was utterly unequal, resigned his chair, on some avaritious conditions, to one Charpentier, who was still less read in the mathematics; but a bustling man, and of matchless cunning; Ramus handled him more severely than he had done his predecessor, often silencing him by questions, then keenly insulting over his stupidity, till finding Charpentier's effrontery was immoveable, he summoned him before the parliament, where, by tears and cajoleries, he got himself excused from the examination: Ramus appeals to the council; and here the sway of intrigue was seen, for though Ramus was so eminent for parts, and his cause so honourable, he was reduced to make an apology, whilst the ignorant Charpentier stood by, exulting at his mortification.

Ramus had an extreme aversion to wine, occasioned by the following accident, which happened to him when a boy:

boy : having stolen into the cellar, unknown to his parents, he ignorantly drank to such an excess, that he was found under the cask as dead, to all appearance. This made such an impression upon him, that it was above twenty years before he could be brought to taste wine ; and then only by the advice of physicians.

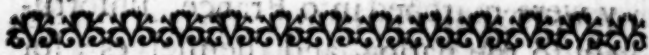
Ramus, to a prodigious compass of learning, added an irresistible eloquence, of which Brantome gives this remarkable instance : Ramus, says he, had very few equals in oratory ; for, besides the energy and harmony of diction, and the modulation of utterance, his gracefulness of gesture was inimitable ; so that after his conversion to Protestantism, he was so deep in the confidence of the heads of that party, that they took him along with them into Lorraine, where they were to conclude a clandestine negotiation for a body of Reisters and Lantquenets, as they are termed by the historians, or German soldiers ; but these would not stir an inch, without a considerable sum paid them down ; but Ramus thundered out, Honour, religion, riches, and other striking words, so powerfully, that their  
ava-



avarice yielded to his eloquence; and they were marched into France, unfortunately to the nation, and themselves; for they grew uncontroulable in their violences; and very few of these first emigrants lived to return home. From the outrages of these mercenaries, the game called Lantiquenet, in which one card sweeps the table, is derived, *Landtsknecht* signifying in German, a soldier.

That Ramus was in high repute, for the persuasive talents, there cannot be a stronger proof than the large offers to induce him to take a journey into Poland in 1572, upon a vacancy in the throne, in order, by his elocution, to gain over the Poles to favour the duke of Anjou's claim; but Ramus declined it, varnishing over his refusal with this noble saying, That all pecuniary offers were an indignity to learning and eloquence, which ought to preserve an unbiassed devotion to virtue, and never be the tool of vice or error.

It was Ramus's custom, in his lectures on Cicero or Virgil, never to exceed a page; which singularity brought upon him the nick-name of *Paginarus*.



STEPHEN JODELLE born 1532;  
died 1573.

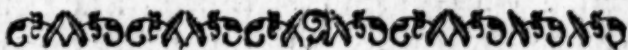
JODELLE was the first in France, who undertook to write such dramatic pieces as have obtained ever since, in opposition, as he says, to the profaneness of the representations then in vogue, of which, some mysteries of religion were always the subject. He began this bold design, with a play called "The captivity of Cleopatra." Henry II. honoured it with his presence, and was so taken with it, that he not only went a second time, but presented the author with 500 crowns, and heaped favours upon him, encouraging him to prosecute a novelty, of which he had given such an admirable specimen. This illustrious success could not fail of animating Jodelle to new productions; accordingly, it was not long before he gave a proof of his comic talent in "Eugene, or the Lucky meeting." These two pieces gained him a reputation above the attacks

tacks of any Zoilus; court and city strove who should applaud him most; the very poets, and some who suffered by his superior splendor, confessed his excellencies in very pompous panegyrics.

Jodelle, in company with the other six poets, of which the French Pleiades, as they were called, consisted, went to spend the carnival at a village near Paris: they all fell to composing verses in imitation of the ancient Bacchanalia; sauntering one day along the village, a he-goat came in their way, which put them upon a frolic, being the creature which was wont to be sacrificed to Bacchus, and to be presented to those who excelled in tragedies. Having agreed to present it to Jodelle as a tribute to his genius, it was so ordered, that the beast was brought, all decked with garlands, to Jodelle, when he was at table. This raised a laugh, and, in such company, could not fail of producing many flashes of wit: though this ceremony in itself had nothing censurable, yet the enemies of the Pleiades were very industrious to propagate a most atrocious construction of it, as if the goat had been actually sacrificed as a victim to Bacchus, Ronfard being the priest,

and the others chaunting a Bacchanalian ode; and their malice gained such credit, as to bring a total eclipse upon the constellation, the effulgency whereof all France before held in the highest admiration.

Nicholas Bourbon expressing a desire to read Jodelle's compositions, his bookseller lent them to him; but within a few hours, he sent them back, with this sarcastical note, *minuit præsentia famam*.



PETER DANES, born 1497,  
died 1577.



Bishop of France, at the council of Trent, was laying open the multifarious corruptions of the court of Rome, with an energy which began to work upon the audience, when an Italian prelate, in a burst of rage, interrupted him, with this insulting pun, *Gallus cantat, i.e.* A cock crows, or a Frenchman prates; Danès, then present as ambassador of France, beat the scoffer at his own weapons, instantly replying, *Utinam ad illius galli cantum*

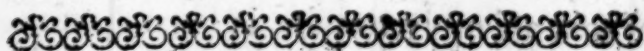
*tum Petrus respiceret*, Would to God Peter would repent at the crowing of this cock. There is not an apophthegme among all the ancients, which comes up to this repartee; and Pallavicini, who relates it, owns, that it prompted many members of that assembly to take in hand a reformation of church-discipline; but their good intentions were frustrated by the artifices of ambition.

Danès having been nominated preceptor to Francis II. on account of his learning, and the sweetness of his temper, and afterwards preferred to a bishoprick; the clergy of his diocese having occasion to send him to Paris, were for presenting him with 1200 livres for the expence of the journey; but he would not accept of them, saying, That the income of his bishoprick was a sufficiency for him; that a few jaunts were the least he could do for the benefit of his and other churches; and that they were already but too much impoverished by the distresses of the times, and the depredations of the Hugonots.







Danès, upon receiving the account of the death of his son, withdrew into his closet for half an hour; then returning to the company, he told them, with a placid



cid countenance, I am just now informed of my son's death; the poor have carried the day, the relief of their calamities will now no longer be obstructed by the conflicts of parental anxiety.



WILLIAM POSTEL, born 1505,  
died. 1581.

\*\* OSTEL was but eight years  
 P  old, when the plague deprived  
  him of both his parents; and  
 \*\* soon after, distress compelled  
 him to wander about for a subsistence;  
 having scraped a little sum together, the  
 savings of hard living, he determined  
 for Paris, to study; but before he could be  
 admitted into any of the university col-  
 leges, he was obliged to hire a room;  
 and here his money and cloaths were stolen  
 from him. Thus, at the very beginning  
 of a sharp winter, he saw himself desti-  
 tute of food and covering; this wretched-  
 ness was soon aggravated by a flux, which  
 emaciated him to that degree, that he lan-  
 guished two full years in the hospital,  
 before he recovered any strength. Paris  
 be-

being now no place for him, he betook himself to gleaning, it being harvest; and by his surprising diligence, his gleanings not only supported him the remaining part of the year, but furnished him with a suit of cloaths, and money to carry him again to Paris, which had ever been uppermost in his thoughts. His first admission was only as a servitor in one of the colleges; but he was soon taken notice of for his application and perspicacity.

Postel conceited himself to be endued with natural intellects, far beyond those of other men; and by dint of these, he entertained hopes of converting the whole universe, by previously bringing them into a methodical use of their reason; and this is thought to have been the motive of his initiation into the order of the Jesuits. It is said of him, That he had taken it into his head, to institute an order of knights of Christ; and that he looked upon the Jesuits to be, in effect, so many knights of his order; the fathers made but a coarse return for such an honour, expelling him as a visionary.

Postel was accounted a prodigy of genius in the general esteem; the nobility courted his company, the men of learn-

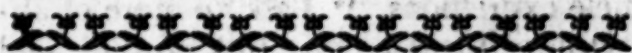
ing admired him ; and there was scarce thought any hyperbole in the common saying of him, That all his words were so many oracles. It is affirmed, that at his lectures the croud was frequently too great for the college-hall ; that he then turned them down into the yard, and delivered himself from a window. But his diving into the rabbins, together with star-gazing, adulterated his learning with the most extravagant chimeras.

Postel, soon after his dismissal from the Jesuits, justified the affront they had put upon him, by publishing a delirious book, intituled, *The victory of Woman*. In this piece, he gravely endeavours to persuade the world, that as men had been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, so women were to obtain the like blessedness, by means of a certain nun called Joanna, whom he had the honour of knowing at Venice.

So far was Postel gone in deliriums, that he maintained that he had been dead, and was risen again ; and to make such a miracle go down with those who had formerly seen his wan countenance, his grey hairs, and hoary beard, he privately painted his face, combing his beard  
and

and hairs with a leaden comb; and in all his works, subsequent to this whim, he never fails to stile himself *Postellus restitutus*.

With all these imperfections, Charles IX. put such a value upon Postel's conversation, that he usually called him his Philosopher; and having once received a letter from some eastern potentate, of which all the ecclesiastics about the court were not able to decypher one word, Postel was sent for, who read it with the same facility as if it had been French; Sire, said he to the king, I could travel from your kingdom to China, without any interpreter, being no less acquainted with the languages of all the intermediate nations, than I am with truth.



GUY DE PIBRAC, born 1529,  
died 1584.

De Pibrac, must have had a  
M. very low opinion of the intel-  
lects of his rational fellow-crea-  
tures made after the image of  
God, when he could say, That all the good  
C 4 sense

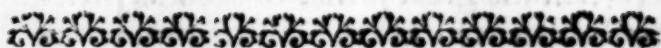
sense in the world was comprehended in the Proverbs.

Pibrac's behaviour at the council of Trent gave such satisfaction to the court of France, that Catherine de Medicis, then regent, sent for him to court, with the offer of the chancellorship. Such a message made Pibrac very dispatchful to kiss her hands; but envy was at work in the meantime; and an eminent courtier told the queen, That it would not be long before she would dearly repent of promoting such a one, a person who disseminated principles quite opposite to those, which she, with so much difficulty and danger, had established in France. Medicis, being prepossessed in his favour, could not give credit to such an insinuation, till a piece of his was shewn to her, in which are these expressions, "Talk no more of absolute sovereignty, full power, and mere will and pleasure; I detest the sounds, as contrary to the divine institutions, subverting the laws, and incompatible with the welfare of mankind." This, to be sure, was enough to ruin him in the favour of half the princes in the world.

When



When the great prince of Condé, whether impatient of the ill-treatment he imagined to have received, or disgusted at the tenor of the court, or, which was generally imagined, out of an irreconcilable contempt and hatred of the king, withdrew into Spain, he carried with him a grandson of Pibrac's. The prince one day bidding him to repeat a stanza or two of his grandfather's, he, at first, answered, That he had long since forgotten them; but upon a second command, said, That indeed he recollected one; but apprehended it might offend his highness: No, no, replied the prince, say away. Upon which Ribrac (who had come into Spain, more out of love to his person, than approbation of his measures) spoke an extempore of his own, That peaceably to obey one's natural sovereign was in every shape better than to raise disturbances, under colour of substituting a more deserving in his place.



MARK ANTONY MURET, born  
1526, died 1585.

\*\*\*MURET, having a never failing  
\* M \* readiness of wit, when his scho-  
\* \* \* lars made a clutter, or any  
\* \* \* ways disturbed the business of  
the school, used to chastise the offenders  
only with a reprimand; but so poignant,  
that it was sure to still them. One day  
an unlucky boy brought a bell to school,  
and was so audacious as to tinkle it.  
Muret, without any sign of anger, look-  
ing round the school, said, Indeed it  
would be a wonder if among such a flock  
of silly sheep, there was not one bell-  
weather.

Muret's talent for Latin poetry was  
such, that he shewed some verses of his  
own composing to Joseph Scaliger, as a  
piece of Trabeas, an exquisite antient  
poet, which Scaliger readily believing,  
writ of them as a fine discovery; but it  
coming afterwards to his ears, that Mu-  
ret had put a trick upon him, to try his  
skill in criticism, he was so nettled, that  
he

he wrote the following defamatory epigram, to perpetuate the punishment which Muret had been forced to avoid by flight.

*Qui rigide flammæ vitaverat ante Tolosæ  
Muretus fumos, vendidit ille mibi.*

which won't bear an English translation.

A clandestine accusation for a most shocking crime being brought against Muret before the parliament of Toulouse, it was resolved to secure him. A counsellor, feigning an indisposition, left the assembly, and ran to his house, to warn him of the danger: where, missing him, he left this line of Virgil for him,

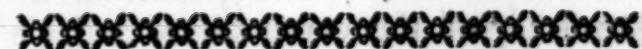
*Hec fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum.*

Muret, whether from a guilty conscience, or a persuasion that the advice of such a man must be well-grounded, hastened away towards Italy, where he fell sick. As he had not the most advantageous countenance, and his cloaths and baggage had many signs of poverty, the physicians mistaking their man, argued among themselves, in Latin, to make trial of a new invented medicament on that despicable body, *faciamus experimentum in isto corpore vili.*


But no sooner had these murderers turned their backs, than Muret made a shift to get out of bed, and gave them the slip; and continuing his journey, found himself effectually cured by the very apprehension of the remedy designed for him.

When Muret was professor at Paris, the hall where he held his lectures was so crowded, that the throng not being able to make way, he was carried to his pulpit on the shoulders of his audience, among whom there was an emulation to perform that office, and sometimes even noble shoulders have stooped to take up such a valuable burden.

One piece of perspicacity which Scalliger attributes to Muret, seems to border upon incredibility; that from attentively viewing the cast of the eye, or the variations in the aspect of any person, who was reading a letter, he could infer the particulars of the contents thereof, and was seldom mistaken.



PETER RONSARD, born 1524, died  
1585.


 R. de Thou, who is confessedly  
 an author of no less judgment  
 than veracity, is fallen into a  
 most trivial puerility concern-  
 ing Ronsard; his words are, " That  
 " Ronsard received his birth in the same  
 " year that Francis I. lost his liberty at  
 " the battle of Pavia, as if it was the  
 " intention of heaven to comfort France  
 " for the imprisonment of the greatest  
 " of its monarchs, by the birth of the  
 " finest of its poets."

*But those imaginative blades*  
*Who frisk it under Pindus shades,*  
*In noble songs, and lofty odes,*  
*Who tread on stars, and talk with Gods,*

would suspect the *gout* of him who  
 should object against such a compen-  
 sation, and doubtless, this with them is  
 an exquisite observation.

Ronsard gained the chief prize in the  
 floral games, which is a silver eglantine;  
 but



but the reward appearing beneath the excellency of the composition, and the reputation of its author, the city of Thoulouse was at the expence of a Minerva of solid silver, and exquisite workmanship, which it sent by one of the magistrates to Ronsard; and this honourable present was accompanied by an act, conferring on Ronsard the stile and title of the French poet.

Ronsard, says an historian, strung his lyre to celebrate the refulgent charms which he imagined to see in Mademoiselle de Surgeres, one of the maids of honour to the queen; afterwards, intending to publish a collection of love-poems, he begged of Duperron to make a preface, wherein he should let the world know, that his love for the young lady had been strictly virtuous; Duperron made answer, " That there was  
" no need of a preface, that only putting  
" his charmer's picture on the frontispiece of the book, would sufficiently  
" convince the world, that his passion  
" had been perfectly innocent. "

Brantome relates of Chatelard, a French gentleman, who conceived such a violent passion for Mary the beautiful queen of Scotland,

Scotland, that he attempted her honour, being sentenced to lose his head for his nefarious lust, he had recourse to no other preparation for death than a poem of Ronfard's, declining the several viaticums administered by priests; and even when he was brought on the scaffold, the sight of the block, ax, and coffin, could not bring him to a more penitential disposition, but desiring the confessor and priest to forbear teasing him, and throwing down a book of devotions which was put into his hands, his only support in that awful instant, was an ode of Ronfard's on death; a very sublime and consolatory piece indeed, which having read aloud, the efficacy of the cordial which he had chosen, was seen in the serenity with which he placed himself to receive the stroke.

Never was any sovereign so free of their promises as queen Catherine de Medicis, and 'tis thought that Ronfard's inscribing to her his ode on Promises, meant no more than a covered reproach and ridicule.

Ronfard growing out of humour with a court-life, took orders, and accepted of a country-benefice, where he displayed  
a cou-

a courage no less elevated than his genius, appearing in arms with great undauntedness against the Hugonots. Being once rallied on acting so out of character, he facetiously vindicated himself, saying, That the keys of St. Peter being no safeguard to his parish, as not valued a rush by the profane Hugonots, he had taken in hand the sword of St. Paul, and made them feel it, having, at the head of the neighbouring gentry, repulsed them in several attempts to pillage his church and parish.

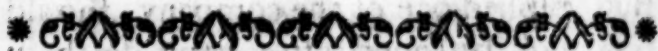
Ronfard died, worn out with the pains of the gout, and melancholly, yet making tolerable pious verses to the last; his obsequies were performed with great solemnity, a deputation of the parliament, and many of the nobility, attending the ceremony; the king sent his band of musick; and Duperron (afterwards the famous cardinal of that name) preached the funeral sermon. The concourse of people was so great, that several lords, and the cardinal de Bourbon himself, were obliged to go back, not being able to make their way through the throng.

Racan,

Racan, in his life of Malherbe, tells us, that he had cancelled above half his Ronfard, specifying, in the margin, his reasons for so doing. One day a knot of Malherbe's friends were looking over it as it lay upon his table, and Racan asking him if he liked what he had not effaced; No more, answered he, than those over which I have passed my pen; But, replied one of the company, should this book be found after your death in this motley condition, it will naturally be thought that you was pleased with what you did not efface; Egad, says Malherbe, that's well minded, and immediately fell to passing his pen over the whole book.

When Malherbe at any time read his poetry to his friends before publication, if any thing occur'd that was harsh, affected, or improper, he used to stop, and say, Here's a *Ronsardism*, which must be licked over again: Ronfard, towards his last years, was for suppressing the lascivious poems of his youth, but may be said to have done it more like a father who cannot divest himself of his tenderness for his children, than like a rigid judge.

judge. He also set about correcting his works in general; but some are of opinion, that the several passages have lost their original beauty, for it happens not seldom, and especially in poetry, that the first transport is most natural, and that the stile too much used, instead of polishing, only spoils the temper.



JOHN Dorat, born 1509, died 1588.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 DORAT gained such reputation by his verses, that he was distinguish'd by the appellation of the French Pindar; and 'twas out of regard to him that Charles IX. instituted the post of poet laureat, which has, sometimes, like other employments, been very unworthily filled both here and in other nations; yet the salary assigned to it was no ways exorbitant. Concerning this, Brantome says, That this prince was very fond of poetry, and never failed to reward good geniuses, but with small sums, and at different times, thereby laying them under  
 a ne-



a necessity of further exerting themselves. This, said the king, is prudence, not stingyness; for poets, like horses, must be fed, but are spoiled by being pampered; they grow heavy and lazy.

The extraordinary fame of Dorat's poetry was considerably blemished by his persevering to court the muses when the frigidity of old age was come upon him. Some princes, says an eminent writer on this head, had a domestic, whose peculiar office was to wake them early with, *Remember you are a man*; or, *remember such an affair*; and the practice was highly praise-worthy: If such insignificant creatures as poets (*nefandum!*) may be brought into a parallel with the rulers of the earth, let me advise those who are in years, and so particularly fortunate as to have a servant, to give orders to be awakened every morning with this admonition, *Remember your age*; the poorer, as necessity is the mother of invention, will not be at a loss for other *mementoes*. Horace, in a very pretty metaphor, intimates, that he had such a monitor, who frequently made his ears ring with this advice:

*Fond*

*Fond Horace, have a care,  
And while 'tis well, release thy aged horse;  
Lest when he runs, but with unequal force,  
And stretches hard to win, he breaks his wind,  
Derided, distanc'd, basely lags behind.*

Though, in his advanced age, Dorat's poetic genius flagged, the effervescency of his passions do not seem to have been abated; for he married a young creature of nineteen. This dotage brought all his friends upon his back; he was continually baited with Ovid's *turpis senilis amor*; to which he used to reply with an air of triumph,

*Poetis*

*Quid libet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas*  
*Poets and painters equally may dare;*  
*In bold attempts they claim an equal share,*  
*And may do any thing.*

And when a friend of his said to him, If you must needs venture on a second marriage, methinks you should have avoided such a monstrous disparity, and have chosen a staid, middle-aged woman; Why, my, dear friend, I had rather be run through with a bright polished sword, than with an old rusty piece of iron. Another acquaintance of Dorat's, to whom he communicated his resolution the evening before

fore his wedding, expressing his amaze-  
ment with uplifted hands, that such a  
man as he should take up with a flaunt-  
ing girl, Dorat made no other answer  
than, *Cras erit uxor*, i. e. To-morrow  
she'll be a wife; a witticism, if it be  
such, borrowed from Cicero.



JAMES CUJAS, born 1520, died  
1590.

WO pretty uncommon things  
T have been observed of Cujas,  
the one was, that his studying  
attitude was to lie along on  
a carpet, with his face towards the floor,  
and a heap of books about him; the  
other, that the sweat of his body yielded  
an agreeable smell, at which he used, not  
without some pleasure, to tell his friends,  
That Alexander the Great and he were  
alike.

Cujas outwardly professed the Popish  
religion; but his real sentiments were  
always an impenetrable secret: he was  
never the first to bring religion upon the  
carpet; if he carelessly dropped a word  
or

or two upon it, it was the most, and when at any time the question was put to him, what he thought of some points which were then bandied too and fro with great contention? he always evaded it with this answer, *nihil hoc ad edictum prætoris*, which may be rendered, *that won't lessen the price of bread.*

The city of Thoulouse, in token of their concern for having neglected to chuse Cujas, who was their townsman, for professor of law, especially when they heard of the vast pitch of reputation to which he had raised himself, sent him a very formal invitation, with honourable offers, to which he returned this laconic answer, *frustra absentem requiritis quem presentem neglexistis*; which is, in other words,

*They who will not, when they may*

*When they will, they shall have nay.*

Cujas had a daughter, who, like Hans Carvel's wife, was handsome enough, extremely gay, and after the father's lectures, the young students flocked about the pretty daughter; this was waggishly called commenting upon Cujas's works. This intercourse betwixt Miss Cujas and her

her gallants, gave occasion to the following smart epigram :

*Viderat immensos Cujaci nata labores*

*Æternum patri commernisse decus :*

*Ingenio haud pe' erat tam magnum æquare parentem*

*Filia, quod potuit corpore fecit opus.*

The sense of which is, that Cujas's daughter, emulous of the immortal celebrity which her father's immense works had acquired, and conscious of the inability of her mind to perform any thing worthy of such a parent, set her body to work with indefatigable alacrity, that she also might live in her productions.

There was a clause in Cujas's will, directing, that his books should be sold separately; he had a jealousy, that if his library was sold by the lump, the purchaser might collect and digest all he had written in the margins, compose books, and then palm them upon the world as his own.

Pasquier, in his *indagationes*, mentions a very singular mark of the veneration in which Cujas is still held among the Germans, that most of the professors, whenever they have occasion to name Cujas in their lectures, lift up their caps, in respect to his memory.

MICHAEL





MICHAEL DE MONTAGNE, born  
1533, died 1592.

THE first language instilled into  
T Montagne, before he had well  
attained to an articulate ut-  
terance, was the Latin. His  
father, to forward his scheme of a com-  
plete education, provided for him, whilst  
yet an infant, a German, who was a pro-  
found scholar, but knew not a syllable  
of French, with two other men of learn-  
ing, to relieve him alternately; nor  
was any one suffered to speak to him,  
unless in Latin, his maid having been  
taught a score or two of such words and  
phrases as most necessarily recurred in  
her office; so that when he came to be  
six years old, he could talk pure Latin  
fluently, and not a word of his native  
language.

Montagne's father being informed,  
and very judiciously, by a physician, that  
the hasty awakening of children preju-  
diced their tender brain, and consequently  
had

had a bad effect upon their intellects; to guard against this danger, he had his darling wakened early every morning by a soft air on the violin.

Montagne, in all his pieces, strongly insists on a mild and affectionate carriage of fathers towards their children, and to enforce his documents, relates, that a worthy gentleman of his acquaintance, whose son, a most promising youth had lately fallen in the field of battle, told him with tears, Now, the austerity with which I brought up poor Martin pierces me to the very heart, as it concealed from him my real tenderness; I feel the most stinging reproaches for not using him with the most evident endearments of paternal fondness, and what gives an edge to my anguish is, that I am sure he died in an unhappy persuasion, that he was at best but indifferent to me; unhappy indeed! for it may have prompted him to a fatal act of temerity.

Montagne had indeed an universal softness, that he could not stand to see a chicken's throat cut, nor hear the cries of a hare when seized by the dogs; but unhappily gave way to some oddities in

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his temper, that betrayed him into many improprieties, and errors in conduct, whilst he was mayor of Bourdeaux; upon which a gentleman said to one who admired Montagne above Cicero, "You may cry up your Montagne as much as you please, but Cicero for me; for I cannot conceive, but that a man who could govern with applause the whole world, is at least equal to him, who is not fit to be so much as mayor of Bourdeaux."

Charron was a close imitator of Montagne, which took so with the vanity of the latter, as to produce an intimacy betwixt them; and Montagne, having no male issue, as a testimony of the value he had for one who moulded himself after his plan, in his will allowed Charron the privilege of bearing his arms.

Many of Montagne's essays are interspersed with passages of the ancients, especially Plutarch and Seneca, without naming the originals; "My design in this (he used to say) is, that they who are upon the catch against me, may burn their fingers, by giving fillips to Seneca and Plutarch upon my nose."

It

It is said of Montagne, That he seems only to have pried into the dark side of man, and not bestowed any attention to consider him in the commendable light, of which few are without some ray.

Montagne's continual digressions have given occasion to a wit to say of him, that as Montagne immediately starts from his subject, he is of all others the author who knows the least what he is going to say, but the best what he says.

Babzac has said of Montagne, He is a guide who is apt to lose his way ; but is always sure to lead us into a more delightful road than the first setting out seemed to promise.

Montagne's ambition was rather for honorary and titular favours, than emoluments and offices ; he strenuously sought the order of St. Michael, it being at that time the utmost mark of honour of the French noblesse ; and at length his wishes were gratified : but this whimsical philosopher was elevated with nothing so much, as an authentic bull of a burgess of Rome, that was conferred on him, with particular ceremony, when he was at that city. The longævity of his three last progenitors, without any me-

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52 *Michael de Montagne.*

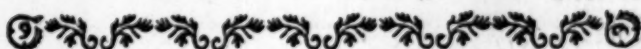
dicaments, had imprinted in him a contempt of physic, from which the cholic and stone could not make him depart. He died rather like a philosopher than a catholic; moral rectitude was every thing with him, saying frequently with Plato, that neither gods nor good men will accept the presents of the wicked.

*The pious offering of a piece of bread,  
If by a pure hand on the altar laid,  
Than costly hecatombs will better please  
Th' offended gods, and their just wrath appease.*


Montagne had a project for an office of enquiry in several towns, in which every person might register what they were in search or want of, with their terms; "There are, says he, always con-  
"ditions, which are hunting after one  
"another; and for want of hearing one  
"another's occasions, leave worthy men  
"in extreme straits: thus Giraldi in  
"Italy, and Castalia in Germany died  
"so poor, that they had scarce bread to  
"eat; whereas, had their wants been  
"known, thousands would have relieved  
"them; for the whole world is not so  
"abandoned, but I know one who  
"would gladly employ his whole estate



“ in securing rare and virtuous persons  
 “ from distress.”



JAMES AMYOT, born 1514,  
 died 1593.

 MYOT was preceptor to the princes of the blood. It is said, that the discourse at supper happening once to fall upon Charles V. that emperor was highly commended, for having raised his tutor to the popedom. As it is the universal sentiment of all generous minds, that there can be no excess of gratitude towards the instruments of our being, and of our virtue, this made such an impression on king Charles IX. that looking towards Amyot, (whom he ever called his *dear master*) he said, If an opportunity offered, he would do no less for his : sometime after, upon a vacancy of the office of lord almoner, the king wished him joy of it ; and whatever Amyot could say to decline it, would take no denial. However, this promotion being carried to the queen, who had another

person in her eye, she sent him orders to come immediately to her closet, where she let fly this broad-side at him, "I have made the Guises and  
" the Chatillons, constables and chancellors, the kings of Navarre, and  
" the princes of Condé, buckle to;  
" and such a little shaveling of a priest,  
" such an upstart as thou, dares to enter the lists against me." Amyot was beginning his apology; but she silenced him with this closure, "Let your pupil  
" say what he will, I say, that if you  
" accept of it, it shall cost you your  
" life." This was the current stile then. The words of this princess were so many decrees; and the king was no less pertinacious. Amyot, to avoid the favour of the son, and the rancour of the mother, secreted himself; but the king, after missing him four days successively at his table, ordered enquiry to be made after him, but to no purpose. The king suspecting the matter from such a close concealment, flew into a rage; and the queen apprehensive of the consequences, thought fit herself to buckle to, and sent a message to Amyot, that he had nothing to fear from her; that she wished

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ed him a peaceable enjoyment of the office, to which he was so eminently adapted.

Amyot was of a very poor and mean extraction, of which he always retained such a proper sense, that his will has the following clause in it: "I leave twelve hundred crowns to the hospital of Orleans, in acknowledgment of the relief I formerly received there."

Amyot, on his first appearance at court, was remarkable for his self-denial, affirming it to be the ground-plot of Christianity; for which many of the prelates looked upon him with an evil eye; but the sweets of court favours vitiated his taste. One day, and that when his revenues were already very considerable, upon a vacancy of a deanry, he came, with great earnestness, to the king, to solicit for it; at which the king, with some gravity, replied, "What is become of that modesty that could say two thousand crowns a year was your utmost wish, was a king's income for an ecclesiastic, who is to be an example of simplicity and mortification? Your present benefices, my dear master, amount to above twice that sum;

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" how-

“ however, the deanry is yours. I  
“ can refuse nothing to my dear master.”

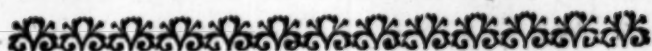
Amyot replied, though without giving up this delicious morsel, Your majesty’s reproofs are just; but my appetite grows upon me with my food. I am indeed an instance how well Juvenal was acquainted with human nature, in saying,

*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*


When most of the copies of a new translation of Plutarch had been destroyed by a fire, a great genius was heard to say, The loss may be easily born, whilst we have the translation of Amyot, which, besides the just sense of the original, contains the finest turns in the French language, and the best oeconomy of our periods.

Varillas affirms, That at the age of ten years, Amyot was found lying sick in a ditch on the road to Paris, by a gentleman, who was so singularly compassionate, as to set him upon his horse, and carry him to a house, where he recovered, and was furnished with sixteen pence to bear his charges home. This goodness met with an ample reward,  
Amyot

Amyot leaving to the heirs of his benefactor 1600 crowns a year.



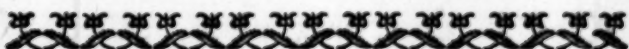
PHILIPPE DESPORTES, born 1546,  
died 1606.

 Poet, in a piece, called *The Harmony of the Muses*, was at a great deal of pains to convict Desportes of plagiarism, the finest of his poems being stolen from the Italians. Desportes blunted the edge of the reproach by a genteel turn; Really, had I been acquainted with the author's design of exposing me, I would have furnished him with many curious materials; for my obligations to the Italians are much more numerous, than his good nature makes them.

Desportes was so absorbed in the pleasures of poetry, that his attention was not only diverted from more substantial concerns, but an habitual absence of mind grew upon him; which, among other ridiculous effects, was often too manifest in his cloaths: one day coming to court in an unseemly garb, Henry III.



asked him, what pension he was allowed? Desportes mentioned the sum, with many respectful expressions of gratitude; "Well, answered this generous prince, "I will double it, that when you visit the "court, you may make a handsome "appearance."



JOSEPH SCALIGER, born 1540,  
died 1609.

✱(✱)✱ T was a saying of Guy Patin's,  
✱ I ✱ "When I read most of Scali-  
✱ ger's works, I cannot say  
✱(✱)✱ "that I understand them, but  
"I bow my head, in reverence of that  
"superior genius, remembering Mar-  
"tial's reprimand, *Non omnibus datum*  
"*est habere nasum.*"

Scaliger has laboured to prove, that a fine genius could not be a great mathematician: he was put upon this by a pique that Clavius the Jesuit had been preferred to him for reforming the calendar.

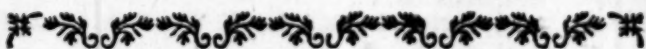
Casaubon is said to have been seized with a trembling in writing, when it came

came into his mind, that what he wrote would be perused by Joseph Scaliger.

Justus Lipsius, though an antiquarian of insatiable curiosity, protests, that he would have preferred one hour of Scaliger's conversation to the sight of the most splendid Roman triumph, as Scaliger himself, protested, that he had rather be the author of the third ode, book fourth of Horace, *Quem tu Melpomene semel, &c.* than be king of Spain. A great part of Scaliger's life was taken up in elucidating ancient authors; upon which Bayle has a very pretty and just observation; "It is a question, (says he) whether Scaliger had not too much wit and literature to make a good commentator; for, by the acuteness of his own wit, he discovered in the authors on which he commented more delicacy and genius than they were actually possessed of; and the vast compass of his literature pointed out to him resemblances betwixt innumerable passages in authors, and curious points of antiquity, from which he did those authors the honour to infer, that they alluded to such and such a point of antiquity; whereas it is not at all probable,

“ bable, that they ever thought of any  
 “ such thing.”

When Scaliger entered upon Greek, he soon grew disgusted at the school method; and shutting himself up, by dint of his own genius, came to understand Homer in less than a month. He often spent whole days in his study without eating; but he was so proud, that though his circumstances were always narrow, Jannin, the French ambassador, could not prevail on him to accept of a sum, though very large, and so apt to treat others with contempt, that Pareus imputing this acrimony to the study of critical learning, in which lay Scalliger's chief excellence, told his son, that the devil was undoubtedly the author of that kind of learning which gave such a bitter turn to mens spirits.



MATHURIN REGNIER, born 1573,  
 died 1613.

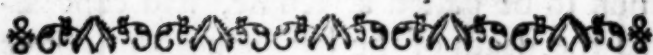
REGNIER obtained, by lapse,  
 R a prebend in the cathedral of  
 Chartres, having proved, that  
 the resignee of that benefice,  
 in order to get time for a forged resignation

tion to be passed at Rome, had concealed the death of the last incumbent above a fortnight, by procuring a log to be laid in his bed, which was afterwards put into a coffin, and interred, with the accustomed solemnities, instead of the body, which had been secretly huddled away under ground.

Regnier is allowed to have given a true picture of himself in the following epitaph of his composing;

*J'ai vecu sans nul pensément,  
Me laissant aller doucement  
A la bonne loi naturelle,  
Et si m'étonne fort pourquoi  
La mort daigna songer à moi,  
Qui ne songeai jamais à elle.*

“ I lived without the trouble of thought,  
“ indolently following the easy law of  
“ nature ; therefore, cannot but wonder,  
“ that death should ever come to  
“ think of me, when it never was so  
“ much as once in all my thoughts.



ISAAC CASAUBON, born 1559.  
died 1614.

ISAUBON was a Calvinist ; but there is a very amiable instance of his moderation : His son Augustine not only came to embrace the Roman catholic religion, but was for being a capuchin. Before he was initiated, the superiors enjoined him to go and receive his father's last blessing ; Casaubon was observed to give it with all the signs of cordiality, telling his son, " Augustine, I do not condemn you ; neither do you condemn me ; we shall both appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, when it will be seen where the right lay, or whether these differences were of any consequence. "

When Casaubon was first shewed the Sorbonne, one of the doctors said, " It is above four hundred years since disputing have been held in this famous *Palæstra* ; " he answered, And, pray what has been cleared up ?

Casau-

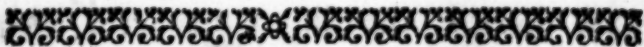


Casaubon being invited to a thesis in that college, the disputants acted their parts to the height of scholastic subtlety and vociferation; but in such uncouth language, that Casaubon took the liberty to say, as he went out, That in his life he had never heard so much Latin without understanding it.


Casaubon was invited over to England by king James I. with whom he had several times the honour of eating; and who, besides two prebends, presented him with a large sum of money; yet Casaubon, in a letter, complains, That he was more insulted at London, than he had ever been at Paris in the midst of the Papists; that stones were thrown at his windows night and day; that he received a great wound as he went to court; that his children were affronted in the streets; and that he and his family were sometimes pursued with stones: his epitaph in Westminster-Abbey in England begins in this pompous manner;

*Isaacus Casaubonus:  
O doctiorum quicquid est assurgite,  
Huic tam colendo nomini.*

STEPHEN



STEPHEN PASQUIER, born 1528.


 PASQUIER observing, at the opening of the parliament in 1587, that the priest who officiated had not offered the *Pax* or *Patena* to receive the reverential kifs from the magistrates, said, That such an omission portended terrible times to France; and adds, That it happened accordingly, a civil war breaking out, in which, on the May following, a sharp action was fought in the very streets of Paris; but considering the fermentation of the great men at that time, this might well be foretold, without any spirit of prophecy.

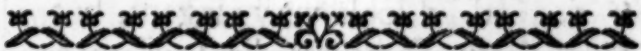
A celebrated Jesuit wrote a piece against Pasquier's *Enquiries*, with the title of *An Enquiry into the Enquiries*; and being fond of his jokes, inscribed his book, *To the late Stephen Pasquier, wherever he is*; "For, says he, having never  
 " been able to make head or tail of your  
 " religion, I am at a loss what road you  
 " took at your departure from hence;  
 " which

*Thames Augustus de Thou.* 65

“ which lays me under a necessity of  
“ writing to you at random, and direct  
“ this epistle where-ever you are to be  
“ found.”

If Pasquier was singular in his opinions, he had also such a singular disinterestedness, that a print of him came abroad without hands; which oddity was explained in the epigram annexed, the substance whereof was;

“ How, Pasquier, without hands! yes,  
“ ye griping lawyers, to indicate how  
“ strictly I abstained, as the law enjoins,  
“ from fleecing my clients. Would to  
“ God you could be shamed out of your  
“ rapacity!”



THAMES AUGUSTUS DE THOU,  
born 1553, died 1617.

✱ ✱ ✱ R. DE THOU had such a  
✱ M ✱ modest diffidence of himself,  
✱ ✱ ✱ that upon hearing of the death  
✱ ✱ ✱ of Peter Pithou, he was, with  
difficulty, dissuaded from committing  
the manuscript sheets of his history to  
the flames; “ Now (said he) I have lost  
“ my

66 *Thames Augustus de Thou.*

“ my guide, who will direct me through  
“ the mazes of contradiction, the fic-  
“ tions of party, and the delusions of  
“ satire and panegyric? who, amidst all  
“ obscurities, will point out the truth to  
“ me?”

In a journey (says M. de Thou) which I made to Languedoc, in company with M. de Schomberg, I paid a visit to the bishop of Mende, at his delicious seat in that province, who treated us rather with the splendor of a nobleman, than the simplicity of an ecclesiastic; we observed, that all the wild-fowl wanted either a wing or a leg, the head, or some other part; “ Why, (said the prelate merrily) it does  
“ not indeed look very elegant, but you  
“ must excuse the greediness of my cater-  
“ er, who is always for having the first bit  
“ of what he brings;” but upon informing us, that his caterers were no other than eagles, we expressed a desire of being spectators of the method of this service; accordingly our good-natured host soon gave us that pleasure. We saw that the eagles made their nests in a cavity of some high and steep rock, which when the shepherds have  
disco-

discovered, they run up a little hut at the foot of the precipice, to secure themselves from the ravenousness of these eagles when they bring any prey to their young. The shepherds are continually upon the watch, to take advantage of the sire and dam's being abroad in quest of a further supply, when they climb up the rock with a surprizing boldness and agility, and bring away from the nests, what the eagles had brought for the nourishment of their brood, leaving in lieu the entrails of some animals, that the nest may not be forsaken: But the old, or the young eagles, so far prevent their depredations, as to have torn off some part; and this is the occasion of the bishop's wild-fowl being mutilated; but the taste compensates for the disfigurement, the markets affording nothing like it. Another stratagem of the shepherds is, that when the young eagles are almost strong enough to fly, which is always late, having been kept short, they clap a chain upon it that the old ones may still continue to bring it game, till at length



68 *Thames Augustus de Thou.*

length, it becomes entirely forsaken, first by the fire, afterwards by the dam; then the shepherds either leave it there, or carry it to their cottages.

M. de Thou met with something pretty odd at Saumur in 1598, at which time, there was in that city, a young woman disordered in her senses, and of whom this magistrate, so far from having seen her, had never heard the least account: This mad creature being harmless, was under no confinement, but sauntered up and down, and served for sport to the truly vulgar. Being once in quest of a shelter during the night, where should she accidentally take up her quarters, but in the president's bedchamber, who was fast asleep, and had neither lockt nor bolted his door, and his servants lay in rooms contiguous to his. The wench began to undress herself near the fire; afterwards hanging her rags upon chairs round the chimney to dry them, water having been thrown upon her; her shift being something dried, she put it on, and laid herself down at the foot of the bed, which  
was

was very narrow, and soon began to sleep soundly: De Thou happening to turn in his bed, found a troublesome weight upon his feet, and gave a jerk in order to shake it off; the mad girl rolled off upon the floor, and the fall wakened de Thou, who, in his first heaviness, did not distinguish whether he was not dreaming; afterwards hearing a treading in the room, he drew back the curtains, when the shutters being open, the moon-light shewed him a tall, white figure stalk in his bed-chamber, and perceiving at the same time, the tattered cloaths near the chimney, he apprehended that some beggars had got into the house to rifle it; the girl coming near the bed, de Thou ask'd her, who she was? To which she answering, that she was the queen of Heaven, he knew the voice to be a woman's; so getting up, and calling his servants, he ordered them to turn her imaginary majesty into the street, and then went to sleep again, as if nothing had happened. In the morning, he related this apparition to Schomberg, who, though as brave as any reasonable man

70 *Thames Augustus de Thou.*

man would wish to be, frankly owned, that in such a case he should have sweated for fear; and when Schomberg told king Henry IV. of it, he laughed very heartily, but, though of great personal courage, answered, Faith, Schomberg, I don't know whether I should not have done worse; however, this proved a continual disturbance to the king's devotion at mass, for when the *Regina cali* began, de Thou's mad girl recurred to him, and set him a smiling.

The English put such a value upon de Thou's history, that, by a solemn act of parliament, a set of booksellers who were preparing a very correct and fine edition of it, and which accordingly was published, were exempted in that work from the duties on paper and printing, which run high in England.

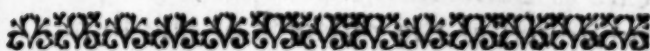
De Thou's son being, after his decease, sent ambassador to James the Ist. king of England; this prince said to him, "Without offence to my brother of France, (for I now speak to you before you have delivered your credentials) you, the son of that pedant, who has taken such liberties with my  
" mother's

James Davy du Perron. 71

“mother’s character, how could you  
“have the effrontery to appear before  
“me?” De Thou replied, *ne quid  
veri dicere historicus timeat, ne quid falsi  
audeat*. An historian must not be  
afraid to declare any truth, nor dare to  
spread a falsity; but he laid the royal  
reproach so to heart, that it cost him  
three months severe illness.

The massacre of Paris in 1572, where  
the chief of the Hugonots had been drawn  
on pretence of a royal marriage, and  
were murdered, appeared such an atro-  
cious proceeding to de Thou, that he  
breaks out into this epiphonema,

*Occidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant  
Sæcula, nos saltem taceamus et obruta multâ  
Noëte tegi nostræ patiamur crimina gentis.*



JAMES DAVY DU PERRON, car-  
dinal, born 1556, died 1618.

\*\*\*\*\*U PERRON had such an ab-  
\* D \* solute ascendant over pope  
\* \* \* Paul V. that his holiness would  
\* \* \* often say to his most intimate  
confidants, Let us pray to the Holy  
Spirit

72 *James Davy du Perron.*

Spirit to inspire cardinal du Perron, for he'll persuade me to whatever is his fancy. Cardinal de Richlieu used to compare four of the most celebrated writers of his time to the four elements; the cardinal de Berulle to fire, on account of his sublimity; cardinal du Perron, to the sea, for his extent; father Coeffetteau, to the air, for his capacity; and M. Du-vair to the earth, on account of the abundance and variety of his productions.

Cardinal du Perron, sent a gentleman to the priest of St. Paul's parish, in which he lived, with a message to come to him: The priest sent word that he would come, but neglected it; Du Perron after waiting some time, sent again, the priest returned the same answer, and took as little care to perform it; at length, Duperron provoked at the rudeness of one so much his inferior, sent him word, That he took such a behaviour very much amiss, and charged him to come without any further delay. The priest coldly answered, " Please to tell my lord cardinal, that " he is a priest at Rome, but I am " a priest at Paris; that he is within " mine, and not I within his parish." This resolute answer, being brought to Duperron;



Duperron; The man's in the right, said he to his parishioner, it is my business to attend him, and went immediately; but the priest had no sooner sight of him, than he ran to meet him, when the cardinal embraced him with a great deal of cheerfulness, and finding him a man of merit in other respects, had ever after a very particular friendship for him.

It is certain that the beauties and faults of a work are better observed when written in a fair character, than when only scrawled over, and still better when printed than when in manuscript; and here according to the beauty of the impression. Accordingly cardinal Duperron, who was sparing of neither care nor expence in his books, had them always printed twice; the first copies were only for select friends to make their remarks; the second were those for publication, more correct, and in a neater type and paper; and that none of the first should get abroad contrary to his intent, they were worked off only at his country-seat, where he had a printing-office for that purpose.

Cardinal Duperron was once in a great perplexity, where all his wit failed  
E him,

74 *James Davy du Perron.*

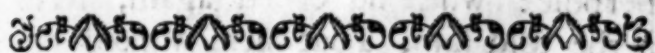
him ; being to make an harangue to the queen mother, and the gout obliging him to deliver himself in a chair before that lofty princess, he began with an excuse for such an indecorum, “ Madam, “ said he, I am upon my knees in my “ heart, though sitting upon my——;” he recollecting that it would not be decent to name the part on which he was sitting, after a full minute’s humming and hawing, out comes “ upon “ my legs.” This blunder gave infinite diversion to the court, as the cardinal never spared the mistakes of others.

Duperron was a proxy for the penance enjoined Henry IV. of which this was the ceremony: He lay prostrate with his face turned to the pavement, like a mackarel on a gridiron, as D’Aubigné expresses it, in presence of the pope and holy consistory ; the pope, at every verse of the penitential psalm that was sung, laying on a stroke of a switch on his head, shoulders, and back, down to the feet.

Cardinal Duperron, one day forgot himself so far, as to call Servin the attorney-general an ignoramus ; I own, replied he, my lord, that my learning does not reach so far as to prove that there is

no

no God; which quite confounded the cardinal. To understand the poignancy of this reply, it must be known, that the cardinal, after a good deal of talk one day at dinner with Henry III. was so presumptuous as to say, Now I have proved that there is a God; but to-morrow, if your majesty will hear me, I'll make it as clear, that there is no such thing as a God; but the king was so shock'd at this impious abuse of his parts, that he immediately banished him for ever from his presence.



FRANCIS MALHERBE, born 1555,  
died 1628.

HENRY IV. one day asked  
cardinal Duperron, If he did  
not make any more verses?  
he answered, That every-body  
must throw by their pens, for Malherbe  
had carried the French poetry to an in-  
imitable pitch; and certainly Malherbe  
would have been the favourite of court  
and country, with less roughness in his  
conversation; he was no talker, but eve-  
ry word carried a sting with it.

A gentleman of the law, and of some distinction, brought him one day some very indifferent commendatory verses on a lady, telling him, That some very particular considerations had induced him to compose them. Malherbe having looked over them with a supercilious air, asked the gentleman, Whether he had been sentenced to make those damnable verses, or to be hanged?

Another time, a country rhymers desired him to correct an ode inscribed to the king, and left it with him for that purpose: when he called again, Malherbe told him, That there wanted only four words; Mr. Stanza overjoyed at this, begged he would do his poem the honour to write them down himself; Willingly, replied Malherbe, and writ under the title, *Ode to the king to wipe his* —; then folding up the paper, delivered it to the author, who gave him a thousand thanks, and went away quite transported.

An acquaintance complaining to him, that the military and civil officers ran away with all the employments, to the infinite prejudice and discouragement of men of genius, who were utterly

terly neglected by the men in power :  
And very fit it should be so, answered  
Malherbe, in what is a good poet any  
thing more useful to the state, than a  
clever player at skettles ?

Malherbe had a comical way of punishing his servant ; besides twenty crowns a year, he allowed him ten-pence a day board-wages, which in those times was very considerable, yet the fellow would now and then be muttering, at which Malherbe used very gravely to say to him, " Child, an offence against your  
" master is an offence against God,  
" which must be expiated by fasting,  
" prayer, and alms ; wherefore, I shall  
" retrench five-pence out of your allowance,  
" and give them to the poor  
" on your account."

Never was a freer speaker than Malherbe. The archbishop of Rouen having desired of him as a great favour, that he would be present at a sermon which he was to preach ; and for that purpose, had invited him to dinner ; when the cloath was taken away, Malherbe fell fast asleep ; and the bishop waking him, to carry him to the sermon, he desired to be excused, for that he



found he should have a comfortable nap without it.

When any one began to talk of state affairs, he had a saying always ready, That passengers ought not to interfere in the steerage of the vessel.

Malherbe had an excessive contempt of mankind; and, in answer to the encomiasts of the dignity of human nature, and their natural love of virtue, he would relate the rancour of Cain; "See, says he, here's a fine setting out, there are but three or four people upon the face of the earth, and one of them goes and murders his innocent brother."

There was a whimsicalness in all Malherbe's behaviour, which was borne with for the sake of his poetical merit; he had but very indifferent quarters, with seven or eight straw chairs; and as the men of polite literature frequently resorted to him, when the chairs were full, he used to lock the door; and when any one knockt, his answer was, "All the chairs are full, you must wait for a vacancy."

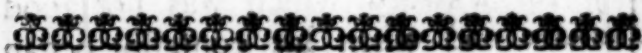
Several circumstances of his dying give us a very slender idea of his religion:  
he

he was, with great difficulty, persuaded to have a confessor ; and, by way of excuse, said, That Easter had always been his only time of confessing : at length, one who had been his pupil prevailed, by telling him, that having made the same profession as other men in his life, it would not be decent to affect singularity at his death ; Malherbe answered, He was in the right, and the parish priest was sent for. It is said, that about an hour before his death, after lying in an agony for above two hours, he suddenly recovered himself, and reproved his landlady for a word which was not good French : and when his confessor began to admonish him against such niceties, he interrupted him with saying, That he would defend the purity of the French tongue to the last gasp. It is also added, that his confessor having discoursed of the future felicity in very mean and uncorrect terms ; and asking him, if he did not long for the enjoyment of that happy state ; he answered, “ No more of “ it, your balderdash stile turns my stomach ; ” yet Racan is for making Malherbe something of a devotee, because, forsooth, he says, That Mrs. Mal-

80 *Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné.*

herbe being very ill, he made a vow to go bareheaded to a certain image of our Lady, to obtain her recovery.

Malherbe was charged with often stealing from himself, on which account, Marini used to say of him, That he was the moistest man, (alluding to his corpulency) and the dryest poet, whom he had ever known. Malherbe's answer to such reproaches was, That if a china vase was his own, he was at liberty to put it sometimes upon the mantelpiece, sometimes upon the buffet, and sometimes over the door.



THEODORE AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ,  
born 1550, died 1630.

✱✱✱✱ AUBIGNÉ, so famous for  
✱ D ✱ his histories, was son of a  
✱✱✱✱ Calvinist officer, commanding of Orleans in the religious wars. His father being called away by some concerns of his party, was absent a pretty while; and, at his return, found his son taking very bad courses; in order to shame him into a proper behaviour,

*Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné.* 81

haviour, he would not see him, but ordered him a coarse suit of cloaths, and to be led from shop to shop, as it were, to chuse a trade; but the youth laid this mortification so to heart, that it threw him into a violent fever, which was near proving fatal to him. As soon as he recovered, he went and threw himself at his father's feet, to beg his pardon, and talked in so moving a manner, that it drew tears from all who were present; and his father was reconciled to him.

After his father's death, his guardian finding him obstinately bent to throw aside his books, and put on the sword, had him put under confinement. Being informed by some of his comrades, that they were setting out for the army, D'Aubigné, whose cloaths were taken away every night, let himself down from the chamber window by the sheets, with nothing on but his shirt, and in this plight overtook them; their company falling in with a party of Catholics, after a slight skirmish, worsted them: which success procured D'Aubigné an arquebuse; but he would not put on any cloaths, and came stark-naked to the

82 *Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné.*

rendezvous ; there some captains equipped him with cloaths and arms ; and as he was to give a note for these supplies, he writ at the bottom, upon condition, that I shall never curse the war, for having stripped me, seeing it can never leave me in a worse condition than it first found me.

As D'Aubigné was once relating his misfortunes to M. de Taley ; this evil counsellor interrupted him, saying, " You have papers of the highest consequence to the late chancellor, who is now retired to his seat, and quite worn out ; if you'll consent, that I should send to acquaint him of what is in your custody, I'll engage you shall have 10,000 crowns, if not from him, from those who would make use of them to ruin him." Upon which D'Aubigné fetched all these papers, which were at once to make his fortune, and threw them in the fire before M. Taley's face, who beginning to reprimand him smartly for it, D'Aubigné answered, " I have burnt them, lest they might burn me, for the temptation might have overpowered me." The next day, the old gentleman taking him by



*Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné.* 83

by the hand, said, " Though you  
" have not made your thoughts known  
" to me, I am too quick-sighted not to  
" perceive that you have a love for my  
" daughter ; that she is courted by per-  
" sons in better circumstances than your-  
" self, cannot be unknown to you ; but  
" your burning those papers yesterday  
" is such a proof of integrity, that has  
" disposed me to signify to you, that I  
" am willing you should be my son-in-  
" law."

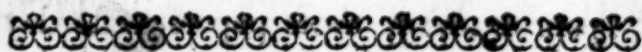
D'Aubigné, in a disgust, left the court of Henry IV. who sensible that he had lost a faithful servant, writ several letters for him to return ; which D'Aubigné threw into the fire, as fast as he received them ; but when informed, that that prince, upon a false report of his being taken prisoner, had put by some rings of the queen-consort's, to pay his ransom, he immediately set out, to pay his duty to the king.

D'Aubigné had been sent upon several journies by Henry IV. who, after all his expence and fatigue, only presented him with his picture, under which D'Aubigné took the liberty to write this quatrain.

84 *Paul Hay Du Chattelet.*

*Ce prince est d'etrange nature  
Je ne sai qui diable l'a fait :  
Il récompense en peinture  
Ceux qui le servent en effect.*

The allusion would be lost in an English translation.



PAUL HAY DU CHATTELET,  
born 1592, died 1636.

**R. DU CHATTELET** was the first who read an oration to the French academy; though he was used to speak in public, he declared, That no assembly ever had to him appeared so august and awful as the academy; and that the discomposure he was under obliged him to have recourse to the indulgence which a late regulation gave to the members, of reading instead of delivering their speeches.

A gentleman of distinguished bravery being, by the partiality of the times, under sentence of death, Du Chattelet drew up a defence of him, full of the most striking eloquence, but so bold, that

that cardinal Richlieu reproached him with arraigning the king's justice; "No," my lord, answered Chattellet, I justify his clemency, if he is pleased to extend it to one of the bravest men in his whole kingdom."

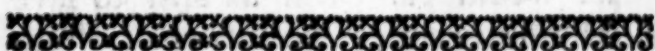
One day soliciting, with others, the king's pardon for the duke of Montmorency, and expressing a peculiar ardour, the king said, "I really believe Chattelet would part with an arm to save Montmorency;" he answered, With both, as they are of no service to your majesty, to save one which has gained you battles, and might gain you more.

Chattelet had such an unshaken integrity, that he was imprisoned for refusing to act in some dirty measures; being afterwards released, he went to the king's chapel; but that prince, it seems, affected to look another way, that he might not meet the eyes of a person to whom he had lately done such a flagrant injury; hereupon Du Chattelet whispered one of the noblemen, "Be so good, my lord, as to tell the king, that I freely forgive him, and beg the honour of one look." This set the king laughing, and all was well.

When

86 *Nicolas Claude Fabri Peiresc.*

When Du Chattelet came out of prison, the cardinal de Richelieu, (most of whose apologies were the products of his pen) made some excuses for his detention; to which he answered, "I make  
 " a great difference betwixt any ill your  
 " eminency does of yourself, and any  
 " which you permit to be done; nor  
 " shall you find me the less devoted to  
 " your service."



NICOLAS CLAUDE FABRI  
 PEIRESC.

PEIRESC, dining at London  
 P with several persons of litera-  
 ture, could not be exempted  
 from drinking a health (pro-  
 posed by Dr. Thorius a German) in a  
 glass of a frightful capaciousness. Peiresc  
 alledged freedom, civility, decency,  
 health, and a thousand other reasons,  
 but to no purpose; the glass must be  
 drank off to that health; but, before he  
 consented to it, he required a promise,  
 that this Bacchanalian doctor should also  
 drink his toast; then having with much  
 ado

ado finish'd such a copious draught, he drank a health in the same glass filled with water. Thorius appeared quite thunderstruck, and after many a heavy sigh, put the glass to his mouth, but quickly drew it back; and though he fortified himself with all the Greek and Latin apophthegms on thwarting the senses, he was an hour before he emptied his glass, to the great diversion of the company, and his own advantage; for afterwards he never broke in upon any one's temperance.

The learned Henry de Valois, having read, in an old author, something relating to the harbour of Smyrna, which was not to be easily comprehended without seeing the place; he communicated his difficulty to M. Peiresc, who immediately hired a painter to go aboard of a ship bound for Smyrna, and take an exact draught of the harbour. He sent it to M. de Valois, who, indeed, thank'd him for it; but, according to his cynical humour, told him, He was not much the better for it. Peiresc, nettled at having thrown so much money away, writ to him, that he had taken no common method to satisfy him, but since all would



would not do, 'twas not he, nor his painter, who were to be blamed, but the fault lay in himself, who, was never to be pleased with any thing.

Camden, the English annalist, had resolved to hinder the continuation of his annals from being printed in his life-time; upon which, Peiresc wrote to him, That if Thuanus had been to be found no where but in his own study, it ran the hazard of being suppressed; besides, his executors had a mind to throw it into the fire for some private ends; so for God's sake think of your own, and if you do not care to put it to the press in your life-time, let there be more than one copy of it, and let them not be all on your side the water.

!cM5ccM5ccX5ccM5ccM5cc!

VINCENT VOITURE, born 1598,  
died 1648.

✕{•}✕VOITURE was son to a wine-  
 ✕ V ✕ merchant, and drank only wa-  
 ✕{•}✕ ter himself, which opposition  
 drew upon him many disa-  
 greeable sarcasms; which made marshall  
 Basom-

Basompierre say, Wine which elevates others, throws Voiture into a swoon, alluding to his vexation on being rallied.

Having offended a court lord rather than lose his jest, and meeting him sometime after, the nobleman bid him draw. It is an unequal match, said Voiture; you are tall, I am short; you are brave, I am a coward; you are for killing me, well, I think myself dead; so instead of a duel their meeting ended in a laugh.

Voiture was very amorously inclined, and used to brag that he had cajoled females of all ranks, or, as was said of him, from the sceptre to the crook, and from the crown to the cap.

A great part of Voiture's character was included in the marchioness deSable's frequent jest to him, That he had a womanish vanity; yet Voiture was so much in her good graces, that hearing Voiture was dead, she said, Hitherto I have only feared death, but now I'll hate it as long as I live, for depriving me of dear Voiture.

Benserade made a famous sonnet upon Job, which was put into competition with that of Voiture to Urania: Hereupon the court was divided into two parties;  
the

the one, under the name of Jobelins, followed the standard of the prince of Conti; and the dutchefs of Longueville, was at the head of the Uranians, which made a man of wit say, Poor Job's fate is very strange, to be always persecuted, first by a devil, and now by an angel.

The following genteel act of generosity shall excuse all Voiture's failings; Balzac sent to borrow 400 crowns of him, which was chearfully complied with, and taking the promissary note which the servant put into his hands, he writ, I the underwritten acknowledge myself debtor to M. Balzac in the sum of eight hundred crowns, for the pleasure he did me in borrowing four hundred of me; and then returned it to the servant, to carry it back to his master. What are all Voiture's finest letters in comparison of such a note!

ROTROU,

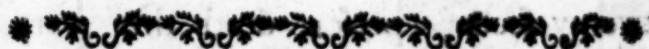
ROTRON, born 1609, died 1650.

THE whole magistracy of the town of Dreux centred in Rotrou in the time of an epidemical distemper. His friends at Paris urged him to take care of his life, and come away from such a dangerous place; but he returned answer, That his conscience would not allow him to comply with their advice, as he alone was able to preserve any regularity in such circumstances, and concluded his letter in these words, Not that my danger here is not very great, for whilst I am writing this, the bell tolls for the twenty-second person dead this very day; my turn is in God's hands.


Rotrou was preparing his *Venceslaus* for the stage, when he was arrested and carried to prison, for a debt which was beyond his pocket, though far from a large sum; but Rotrou gamed, and consequently was often liable to be at a very low ebb. He sent for the players, and offered them his tragedy for twenty pistoles,

pistoles; which being readily agreed to, Rotrou discharged himself; *Venceslaus* was acted soon after, and had such a run, that the players thought themselves bound in honour, to make Rotrou a handsome present.

Rotrou was a gamester, but had an odd contrivance to prevent his losing all his money at once, and secure a reserve for necessary expences. When he received a sum from the theatre for a play, he used to throw it upon a pile of faggots, which he kept in a cellar; at a pinch, he was obliged to rummage among the faggots for money, which soon tiring him, he never entirely exhausted his store, before his genius brought him a fresh supply.



CLAUDE FAVRE DE VAUGELAS,  
born 1585, died 1650.


**V** OITURE being very intimate  
 with Vaugelas, used sometimes  
 to banter him about his over-  
 nicety in his translation of  
 Quintus Curtius, telling him, It would  
 never



never be finished; that whilst he was polishing one part, the daily alterations of our language would oblige him to pass the file over all the other, and applying to him Martial's epigram on a barber, who was so slow at shaving, that before he had finished, the beard began to shoot out again:

*Entrapelus tonsor dum circumit ora Luperci;  
Expungitque genas altera barba subit.*

So, says he, *altera lingua subit*. But this translation was universally applauded; and Babzac says of it, that Alexander in Curtius, was invincible, and in Vaugelas, inimitable.

Cardinal Richlieu, expressing a desire that the French academy would undertake a dictionary; he was told, that the only way to put such a work upon a good footing, was to recommend it chiefly to Vaugelas, and for his encouragement, get his pension of two thousand livres restored, which had been suspended. The cardinal coming into this expedient, Vaugelas waited upon him to return him thanks; and was no sooner within the chamber, than that minister came up to him, Well, Sir, You'll not omit the word *Pension* in the dictionary



physic, in which he admitted a vacuum, it was received with a general derision; upon which, Mersenne writ to Descartes; that a vacuum was not then in fashion at Paris, and would never go down; Descartes then altered his opinion, and thus, to avoid an opposition to custom, the vacuum was excluded out of the new system.

The Peripaticians his cotemporaries used to say of him, *doctissimus Geometer, Philosophus mediocris, Theologus nullus.*

A country curate had brought up four dogs, one he had called Aristotle, another Descartes, giving to each one a disciple, and had found means to keep up the sharpest animosity betwixt each party. Aristotle, at the very sight of Descartes, was ready to fly at him, and tear him to pieces; and Descartes, by his snarling, shewed, that he also longed to have a brush with him. The curate frequently diverted his company with the following scene: he called Aristotle and Descartes, who immediately took their proper places, Aristotle on his right hand, and Descartes on the left, and each of the disciples close by his master; then the curate would speak  
to

to Aristotle, persuading him to come to an agreement with Descartes; but Aristotle's repeated latrations, and fiery eyes, bespoke his implacability; then he turned towards Descartes, who manifested the like aversion to the curate's overtures; Well, says he then, let us try what a conference may do; then ordering them to come near and face each other, at first they only muttered and growled, as it were alternately, and seemed to answer each other, but by degrees, their vociferations increased, and terminated in a violent fray two against two, that they would have destroyed one another, if the curate, by the authority which he had been careful to maintain, had not interposed. This, with the curate, was a natural image of scholastic contentions.

A Cartesian and a Newtonian disputing in a coffee-house at Paris, fell to fighting; after they were parted, the Newtonian made a heavy complaint of the blows which he had received; a merry fellow who had seen the affair, said to him, You must, however, forgive your adversary, he was determined by a superior force; attraction acted upon both, and the repulsive force unhappily

pily failing, he was carried towards you in a direct line, with such an impetus, as occasioned a collision.

Descartes had made an *Automaton* of surprising art, to prove, by demonstration, that beasts have no souls, but are no more than machines, which move by the impulse of other bodies, communicating to them a part of their motion. The philosopher having put it on board of a ship, to send it to some foreign virtuoso, the captain had the curiosity to open the case, and being astonished at the figure and movements which made the machine appear something animated, he hastily flung it into the sea, thinking it must be a-kin to the devil, if not his very self.

Sir Kenelm Digby, a famous English philosopher, upon reading Descartes's works, resolved to go and pay him a visit in Holland: After some discourse, without making himself known, Descartes, who was as well acquainted with his works, said, That he could be no other than the celebrated Digby; And if you, answered Digby, were not the much more celebrated Descartes, I should hardly have crossed the sea to pay you a visit; and let me advise you, rather to turn your thoughts on the methods for  
F prolonging

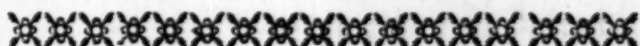


prolonging life, than waste them in such inane speculations. Descartes assured him, that 'twas the very thing he was upon; and that though, as to immortality, he could not promise so far, yet he was sure of rendering man's life equal to that of the patriarchs. It was well known in Holland, that Descartes boasted of such a secret, and by some it was believed; among others, Abbé Picot would not for a long time credit the report of his death; but when there could be no further doubt of it, he cried out, 'Tis over; nature's at its last gasp.

A nobleman who was very ignorant, being at the same table with Descartes, and seeing him eat of two or three nice dishes with pleasure; How! said he to him, do philosophers meddle with dainties? Why not, answered Descartes, is it to be imagined, that the wise God created good things only for dunces?

Descartes's philosophy was so near being condemned by the parliament of Paris, that the arret was actually drawn up, and several had so low an opinion of it, that when M. Colbert, the famous statesman, was advised to direct, that his son should be taught the Cartesian philosophy,

sophy, and not the old, which was a mere farrago of puerilities and nonsense; And, answered Colbert, I am told that the Cartesian is full of chimcras and fooleries; so betwixt old fooleries and new fooleries, as it is in my choice, I am for sticking to the old. Yet the famous queen Christina of Sweden invited Descartes thither, and at his death, was for burying him in the royal vault of the kings of Sweden, and with suitable pomp; and likewise designed him a superb marble mausoleum; but the French ambassador obtained leave to bury him after the Catholick manner, and soon after his corpse was conveyed to France, and buried at Paris with extraordinary solemnity.



JAMES SIRMOND, born 1559;  
died 1651.

None of the courts of the Je-  
suits college at Paris, there  
was a tree, under which the  
fathers Sirmond, Saliant, and  
others, used to meet; this celebrated tree,

being afterwards cut down, occasioned the following Epigram :

*Tot patribus dilectam olim quæ præbuit umbram  
 Quæ Sirmonde tibi, quæ Saliande tibi,  
 Heu ! nimium ingratis inuisa nepotibus arbores.  
 Teta gemit ferro, tractaq; fune cadit.  
 Vestram sæcla fidem ! o mores ! o tempora ! quantam  
 Descimus, Patrum ne manet umbra quidem.*

Though father Sirmond was himself very temperate, yet when ask'd how often it was proper to drink at a meal ? his chearful answer was ;

*Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi :  
 Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis atque futura  
 Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.*

All father Sirmond's works have a remarkable correctness and perfection in them ; and this certainly is owing to his late appearing in print. Don't be in a hurry, says this learned man to bishop Huet, to publish any thing ; every science, every particular of a science, has its nooks, corners, and recesses, which a young man cannot see into ; let 50 years, at least, be over your head before you declare yourself an author.

DENIS



DENIS PETAU, born 1583,  
died 1682.

WHEN the king of Poland sent  
W that splendid embassy to de-  
mand in marriage the prin-  
cess Mary, of the house of  
Mantua, the ambassadors, who were per-  
sons every way illustrious, went to the  
Jesuits college, and when they were  
within the court, called out, *Volumus vi-  
dere clarissimum Petavium*. Father Petau,  
who was then upon a lecture of divinity,  
went down to them with a porto-folio  
under his arm, and after exchanging  
some compliments, returned to the hall  
without any signs of being elevated at  
such an extraordinary honour.

Pope Urban VIII. summoned father  
Petau to Rome, in order to create him  
a cardinal; but he, whose simplicity was  
as uncommon as his learning, received  
such a terror from this mandate, that it  
threw him into a dangerous illness; upon  
which, his friends had recourse to king  
Lewis XIII. who being no stranger to

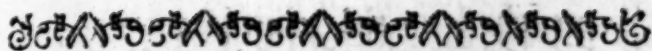
father Petau's erudition, immediately declared, that such a man, who was an honour to the kingdom, should not go out of it. The news of this resolution had a better effect than medicaments; he began to recover a pace. Soon after, the nuncio was for taking off the embargo laid on Petau; but all the court physicians certifying that such a journey would prove his death, the king would hear no more of it.

It was a saying of a person, himself of universal learning; That father Petau was able to fill the world with original books in all sciences.


On the evening before his death, father Petau was visited by Gui Patin, who told him, that he had but a few hours to live; his joy at this seem'd to give him fresh life and spirits: he lifted himself up, and ordered a richly bound copy of his *Rationarium temporum* to be brought, then calling for a pen, he wrote on the first page, *Guidoni Patino medico clarissimo*, and desired him to accept of it, saying, "A reward is always due to a messenger of good tidings."

JOHN





JOHN PETER CAMUS,  
born 1582, died 1652.

 HIS facetious person being preferred to the bishopric of Bellay, when but 26 years old, gave himself up entirely to preaching, writing against the monks, and composing a kind of religious romances very much in vogue at that time. Cardinal Richlieu, at the repeated solicitations of the monks, to enjoin him to let them alone, told him, “Your outrageous asperity against the monks is the only fault you have about you; if it were not for that, I would canonize you;” Would to God that were so, replied the frank bishop; then we should both have our wish, you would be pope, and I a saint!

As he was preaching on Easter-Monday, the duke of Orleans came in with a large retinue, and, among others, an intendant of the finances, and a notorious flatterer. He desired the bishop to begin his sermon again; who, after a very low

bow, said, " My lord, last Sunday I  
 " preached on the triumphant entry of  
 " Jesus Christ into Jerusalem ; Friday on  
 " his death ; yesterday on his resurrection,  
 " and to-day on his pilgrimage to Em-  
 " maus, with two of his disciples.  
 " My lord, I have seen your royal  
 " highness in the like circumstances ; I  
 " have seen you making your entry into  
 " this city, with the queen your mother,  
 " amidst the acclamations of the people :  
 " I have seen you, as it were, dead, by  
 " the edict of a servile minister : I have  
 " seen you raised again by the clemency  
 " of the king your brother ; and to-day  
 " I see you upon a pilgrimage. Whence  
 " is it, my lord, that such vicissitudes  
 " befall princes ! it is because they listen  
 " only to flatterers, and truth usually  
 " reaches their ears no better than the  
 " produce of taxes come in to the king's  
 " coffers, one in a hundred."

M. de Bellay printed a sermon of his,  
 preached before the three estates of the  
 kingdom, in which, are these words :  
 " What would our fathers have said, to see  
 " the important affairs of judicature in  
 " the hands of women and sucklings ?  
 " To complete the impropriety, nothing  
 " re-

“ remains, but, in imitation of an ancient emperor, to admit horses into the senate; and why not? as we see so many asses in it.”

Politics, according to him, was *ars non tam regendi quam fallendi homines*.

M. de Bellay used to say, That he was surpris'd at two things, the one, that the Catholics, who hold the scripture to be very obscure, should so very seldom explain it in their sermons, and the other, that the Protestants, who assert it to be as clear as the sun at noon, should be at such pains to explain it in an innumerable multitude of books.

CLAUDE DE SAUMAISE, born 1588,  
died 1653.

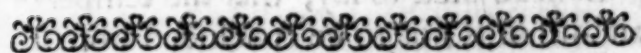
QUEEN Christina used to say of Saumaise, That his erudition was indeed amasing, but much more so his submission to a termagant wife, whose frequent boast it was, that she had for a husband, but not for a master, the most learned of all

the noble, and the most noble of all the learned.

Saumaise being pitched upon to vindicate king Charles I. of England, sets out as follows; "Ye English, who toss about the heads of kings like tennis-balls, who play at bowls with crowns, and make no more of sceptres, than if they were baubles."

Saumaise overflowed with venom in his writings; in his *Cry of royal blood*, he applies the *Monstrum horrendum informe*, — *cui lumen adeptum* to Milton, alluding to his blindness, and boasted, that Milton's intemperance to answer his apology had cost him his eyes, and reduced him to a skeleton; which afterwards coming to Milton's ears, he said, "But my answer cost him his life;" which was no more than truth, Salmasius dying with mere anguish, for the contempt which that answer brought upon him.

JOHN



JOHN LEWIS GUEZ DE BALZAC,  
born 1594, died 1654.

HE infinite number of letters  
T sent to him were an extreme  
incumbrance, for, besides a  
slowness in composition, he  
knew, that all his letters were handed  
about, and consequently they were all to  
be high-finished; he thus describes his  
condition in this particular, "I am the  
" butt of all the aukward compliments  
" in Christendom, without mentioning  
" the genteel ones, which give me still  
" more trouble; — I am harassed, I am  
" teas'd to death with encomiums from  
" all the four parts of the world; yef-  
" terday there lay upon the table fifty  
" letters requiring answers, and, oh un-  
" conscionable! well turned, eloquent an-  
" swers; answers fit to be shewn, copied,  
" and printed.—At this instant, I see  
" before me not less than a hundred  
" letters, which must all have their an-  
" swers; I am in arrears to crowned  
" heads."



Boileau used to say, that the temper of an author is not to be concluded from his writings, and instances in Balzac, the affectation of whose stile would frighten one from coveting his acquaintance; whereas the sportive Voiture gives such a winning idea of himself, that his readers feel a kind of concern that they did not live in his time; yet Boileau had it from very good hands, that Balzac was of a very easy, charming commerce; whereas Voiture was so puffed up with being frequently the companion of *highnesses*, that he was ever for topping the petty prince upon his equals. In nothing were these two letter-writers alike, but in the composition of their letters, the shortest of which often cost them several days in retouches. Few will think the following of Balzac worth a minute, where speaking of his sciatica, he says, "I am become so brave, that I would not move a step if a whole army was in pursuit of me; and so haughty, that should the pope pay me a visit, I should not wait on him to the door." Here is an antithesis of Voiture's, in a letter to a lord, which was much admired; "I am never so proud as when

" I

“ I receive your letters, nor so humble,  
“ as when I am about answering them.”

\*\*\*\*\*

JOHN FRANCIS SARRASIN,  
died 1654.

\*\*\*\*\* SARRASIN was secretary to  
S the prince of Conti, and a par-  
ticular favourite. That prince  
delighted in progresses, and  
where-ever he came, was sure to be ha-  
rangued in form: it once happened,  
that the orator was gravelled at the be-  
ginning of his speech, Sarrafin jumped  
out at the other side of the coach, and  
getting close by the orator, went on with  
the speech in the stile it had been begun,  
full of such ridiculous panegyric, yet de-  
livered with the greatest solemnity, that  
the prince could not refrain from laugh-  
ing; but the best of it was, that the ma-  
gistracy not only thanked Sarrafin for  
helping them out of such a plunge, but  
presented him with a purse of the same  
value as that, which, according to cus-  
tom, was presented to the prince.

Though

Though Sarrafin was a ready writer, yet the character of a wit put him sometimes to so much trouble, that he would often say, "My Attorney is a happy man ; all his letters begin with, I *have received the honour of yours*, and *no-body finds any fault with them.*"

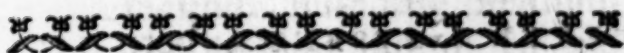
Sarrafin was married ; but, it seems, not much to his felicity, for he would very seriously ask a very strange question, Whether the blessed secret would never be found out, of propagating the human species without woman ?

Sarrafin had drawn in the prince of Conti to marry cardinal Mazarin's niece, and this treachery was to be rewarded with twenty thousand crowns ; but after the consummation of the marriage, the cardinal made a jest of Sarrafin ; and the bargain coming to the ears of the prince, sufficiently disgusted with his consort, he turned him out of doors, with all the marks of ignominy, as a villain, who had sold him to the cardinal ; which treatment soon put an end to Sarrafin's life.

The famous Pelisson passing through the town where Sarrafin died, went to the grave of his old acquaintance, shed  
some

*Francis Tristan l'Hermite.* III

some tears, had a mass said over him, and founded an anniversary, though he was at that time a Protestant.



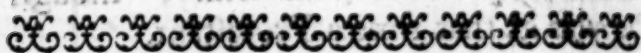
FRANCIS TRISTAN L'HERMITE,  
born 1601, died 1655.

✱❧❧✱ It is a known truth, that when  
❧ I ❧ the part of *Herod* in *Tristan's*  
❧ ❧ *Marianne* was performed by  
✱❧❧✱ a certain player, the audience  
always went away in a kind of pleasing  
melancholly, which, in some measure, is  
a sketch of the forcible impressions made  
by the Greek tragedy. This actor per-  
formed that part with such vehemence,  
that one night he actually broke some of  
his entrails, and died upon the stage.


Tristan's circumstances were so une-  
qual to his merit, that he had no cloak,  
when to be without one was scandalous;  
his extreme poverty occasioned the fol-  
lowing epigram:

*Elijah, to reward Elisha's merit,  
Left him his mantle, and his heavenly spirit :  
Tristan to do the like, in vain had tried,  
Poorer than any prophet, when he died,  
He left Quinault his wit,—but not a cloak beside.*

PETER



PETER GASSENDI, born 1592.  
died 1656.

 HE precise instant of Gassendi's nativity being shewn to Morin, the most celebrated astrologer at that time, he inferred from it, knowing the weak state of the philosopher, that he was to die within the year 1650; but so far from it, that he went through that year in unusual good health. Morin's fame began to lower after this mistake; and he would have cleared himself by this subterfuge, that he had not positively affirmed Gassendi's death, but had only warned him of the imminent danger, which had put him upon fervent prayers to God, for the prolongation of his life; and that the efficacy of these prayers had averted the influence of the planets, they not acting necessarily.

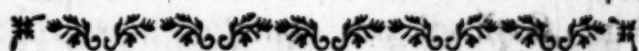
The affair of a phenomenon seen at Marseilles, by a nobleman and his lady  
in



in their bed chamber, is not unentertaining : Gassendi was consulted about it, who, after a long musing, declared, That this phænomenon must have been produced by the inflamed vapours emitted by the count and countess in respiration. But what was this phænomenon, in reality ? the chamber-maid concealed under the bed, who at times made a circular motion with a shining phosphorus : and this was a fetch of the countess's, to frighten her husband from Marseilles to Paris, where she longed to be.

Gassendi being once where a sciolist took upon him to assert and explain the metempsychosis, though naturally very mild and modest, was so provoked with his extravagancies, that he interrupted him with this wibe, " Pythagoras indeed said, That after death the souls of  
" men transmigrated into beasts; but, till  
" now, I never thought, that a man's body was possessed by the soul of a beast ;" yet Gassendi's words, within a quarter of an hour of his death, were certainly unbecoming the dignity of a man ; " I know  
" not who brought me into the world,  
" nor what I have been doing in it, nor  
" wherefore I am taken out of it."

PETER



PETER DU RYER, born 1605,  
died 1678.

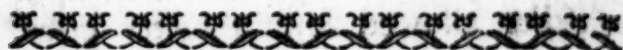
DU Ryer writ for the booksellers, who never went beyond a crown a sheet for his translations, though they sold well. His *Alexandrine* verses went at four livres the hundred, and those of a shorter metre at forty pence.

An elegant writer, after highly commending Du Ryer's *Esther*, adds, That it had nothing of the run at Paris which it had at Rouen; and that not a few were at a loss to account for such a disappointment; but I am apt to think, that Rouen being a mercantile city, and where the Jews are in great numbers, the spectators might, by a conformity of customs and sentiments, enter further into the concerns of that piece, it being entirely Jewish: to which may be added, as a more probable cause, that the country is never so difficult as the capital.

Du Ryer, says the same author, was obliged to hurry his translations, which had

had not been so exceptionable, had his bookseller allowed him a better price, yet all his dispatch could procure but a slender subsistence for his family, at a village near Paris, where he lived for cheapness. Several of us went one summer's day to see him; he seemed overjoyed at the sight of so many of his acquaintance, shewed us his works, and talked of what further designs he had. All this was very entertaining; but what affected us was, that not being ashamed to shew his poverty, he insisted upon giving us a collation. We all placed ourselves under a tree, a table-cloth being spread upon the grass, his wife brought us some milk, and himself some cherries, water, and brown bread. This treat we all liked very well; but when we came to take leave of this man, who, with an excellent genius, had an excellent heart, we could not refrain from tears at his old age, and the penury and bodily infirmities under which he laboured.

PAUL



PAUL SCARRON, born 1610,  
died 1660.

SCARRON had made over  
to his relations what little estate  
he had ; but they, upon a turn  
of his fortune, restored it to him,  
who soon after sold it to a gentleman,  
who, without knowing the exact value  
of it, gave him six thousand crowns for  
it, and Scarron was satisfied. The gen-  
tleman having caused the estate to be sur-  
veyed, when he returned to Paris, called  
upon Scarron ; “ Why, said he, you  
“ imagined your estate to be worth only  
“ six thousand crowns, whereas it is  
“ honestly worth eight thousand ; ” and  
insisted on giving Scarron two thousand  
more ; which the latter, after no very  
obstinate resistance, accepted.

In the dedication of a piece of his,  
Scarron speaks in this manner to the  
king ; “ I shall endeavour to convince  
“ your majesty, that to do me a little  
“ good, would be doing yourself no  
“ great hurt ; if you did me a little  
“ good,

“ good, I should be more chearful than  
“ I am ; if I was more chearful than I  
“ am, my comedies would be mer-  
“ rier ; if my comedies were merrier,  
“ your majesty would be the more di-  
“ verted ; if you was the more diverted,  
“ your money could not be said to be  
“ thrown away. All these conclusions  
“ hang together so naturally, that me-  
“ thinks I could not hold out against  
“ them, were I a great monarch, instead  
“ of being a miserable indigent crea-  
“ ture.”

Scarron was every where full of his jests, but could not bear a jest, and never forgave the following trick : An acquaintance knowing how readily he snapped at any amorous bait, writ to him under a female name, pretending his wit had the same effect on her, as a comely person has on the generality of the sex ; that though she could not bring herself to come to his house, she longed for nothing more than a meeting with him ; and accordingly made an appointment, but a tedious way from Scarron's house. Scarron went thither full of expectations, but no-body was near the spot ; at his return he found a note, which



which had been brought, just as he went out, to put off the interview till the next day ; when he met with the like disappointment ; which was followed by another excuse, and that by a third disappointment ; when the imposition came to light, and Scarron never mentioned the author without an imprecation.

Scaron was seized with such a violent hick-up, that all who were present began to fear for his life ; however, when it abated, so as to give him some ease, says he, with a serious air, If ever I recover — I'll lash the hick-up in a very fine satire : his friends expected another kind of a resolution ; but the public was deprived of this votive satire, the distemper in which he then lay carrying him off. Within a few minutes of his death, when his acquaintance were about him, all in tears, so far from being moved by such an affecting sight, he told them very unconcernedly, “ You'll never cry “ for me so much as I have made you “ laugh.”

Scarron had brought the burlesk into such vogue, that the booksellers would not look upon any other compositions : accordingly in 1649, out came a very

cx-

extraordinary piece, with a title, which, amidst all the jocularity of the age, gave great offence, viz. *The passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ, in burlesk verse*. The manifest good intention and character of the author easily excused him; but, at the same time, the law fell heavily upon one Petit, who was in a very remarkable manner discovered to be the author of some licentious and profane songs: one day when he was abroad, the wind blew some of his papers into the street; a priest accidentally going by, picked them up, and finding them to be impious verses, immediately goes and puts them into the attorney-general's hands, who gave such orders, that Petit was seized just at his own door; and the foul copies of several profane songs being found in his chamber, he was condemned to be hanged and burnt; nor could the strong intercessions of several persons of rank, on account of his youth, procure any mitigation of that sentence.

Francis

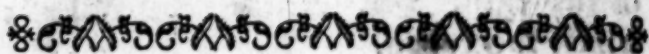


FRANCIS DE BOIS-ROBERT, born  
1592, died 1662.


BOIS-ROBERT was the best  
B companion of his time; his  
admirable invention of agree-  
able stories, with his inimi-  
table manner of telling them, had made  
him a kind of favourite with cardinal  
Richlieu. Upon any indisposition of this  
minister, his physician would say to him,  
My lord, no endeavours, you may be  
sure, will be wanting in us for your re-  
covery; but all won't do, without some  
Bois-Robert. Bois-Robert having more  
wit than discretion, threw himself out of  
the cardinal's favour. The royal aca-  
demy of sciences, who were indebted to  
Bois-Robert for the cardinal's patronage,  
proposed to intercede for him; but the  
cardinal being informed of it, intimated,  
that their application would be to no  
purpose; upon which, they consulted  
with the cardinal's physician, and he at  
the end of the first prescription for his  
eminence, who frequently stood in need  
of

of his skill, writ *Recipe Bois-Robert*; which succeeded.

Bois-Robert played deep, so that at one ill run, he lost no less than ten thousand crowns with the duke de Roquelaure; this nobleman loved money, and insisted upon being paid; but an accommodation was brought about by a friend: Bois-Robert sold off all he had, which made up four thousand crowns; this sum a gentleman carries to the duke, telling him, he must forgive the rest, and that Bois-Robert in return would compose a panegyrical ode on him, but of the very worst kind. Now when it comes abroad that the duke of Roquelaure has rewarded a paultry piece with six thousand crowns, your generosity will be extremely applauded, and it will, doubtless, be said, what would he have given to a well-wrote poem!



BLAISE PASCAL, born 1623, died  
1662.

 ASCAL, for the four last years of his life, assisted at all the *salutes*, i. e. prayers among the Roman catholics, fung on certain days in the evening, after the service is over; visited all the churches where relics were exposed, and had a religious almanack, in which were set down the times and places of any extraordinary devotion; this in such a man, gave occasion to a saying, "That religion makes  
" great minds capable of little things, and  
" little minds capable of great things."

It was said, that the meekness, self-denial and charity of M. Pascal, gave the libertines more uneasiness, than if a dozen missionaries had dinned their ears with argumentations.

It was a saying of Pascal's, That it was much better to give men a sense of the happiness and dignity of religion, than jejunely to demonstrate the truth of it to them.

Pascal



Pascal brought a licentious nobleman to a due sense of himself, by the following apologue.

“ A man is cast by a storm upon an  
“ unknown island, the inhabitants of  
“ which were at a great loss to find their  
“ king, who had withdrawn himself,  
“ and he being very like this king in  
“ size, shape, and countenance, the  
“ whole community, one and all, con-  
“ clude the stranger to be their king,  
“ and receive him with proper homage:  
“ At first, this turn-of fortune put him  
“ to a stand, but at last he determined  
“ to close in with the offer, and perso-  
“ nate the king; accordingly he assumed  
“ all the state of a monarch, and made  
“ them feel his prerogative.”

“ But as he could not forget his natural  
“ condition, it often recurred to him a-  
“ midst all the pomp of sovereignty, that  
“ he was not the real king whom this  
“ people thought, and that he owed this  
“ kingdom only to a mistake of theirs,  
“ not to any right of his own: this pro-  
“ duced in him two opposite sentiments;  
“ one which upheld him in his royalty,  
“ the other, reminding him of his origi-  
“ nal, and inculcating to him, that his  
“ elevation

“ elevation with which he plumed him-  
 “ self, was entirely fortuitous; the latter  
 “ he concealed, acting upon the former:  
 “ the first was his rule of conduct to-  
 “ wards the people; the second towards  
 “ himself.” Here Pascal insinuates, that  
 ’twas the chance of birth which had  
 enobled him; that the dignity annex’d to  
 the quality of duke, arose only from vul-  
 gar imagination, without any reality; and  
 thus suggests to him proper thoughts of  
 his condition.

All the imperfect scraps of paper which  
 were found to contain any of *Pascal’s*  
*Thoughts*, have been pasted on so many  
 sheets of fine paper, and very richly bound  
 into one book, which is kept in a public  
 library at Paris, and shewn to curious  
 strangers, as a most valuable curiosity.

When Pascal was reproved as cy-  
 nical, and an enemy to all pleasure,  
 he would answer with a sigh, “ The  
 “ soul is injected into the body, to make  
 “ a stay of but short and uncertain  
 “ continuance; it knows that it is  
 “ bound upon a voyage without end,  
 “ and that the little span of life is all  
 “ the time allowed it for preparation;  
 “ of which the necessities of life con-  
 “ sume no small part, and by other oc-  
 “ currences,

“ currences, it can call only a few in-  
“ tervals its own; yet these pitiunces  
“ are more than it seems to know what  
“ to do with, or rather a most cumber-  
“ some load, of which it is very inge-  
“ nious in ridding itself. To live with  
“ itself, to converse with itself, is a  
“ trouble beyond all bearing; so that  
“ its whole contrivance is how to lose  
“ all remembrance of itself; it runs into  
“ any thing which dissipates attention,  
“ that the course of this short, uncertain,  
“ precious time may pass away without  
“ the horror of self-inspection. Hence  
“ all the tumultuous occupations of man-  
“ kind; hence all that goes under the  
“ name of diversions, or pass-times, pro-  
“ per appellations! in which all our end  
“ is, that time may slide away without  
“ any sensation of it or ourselves; or to  
“ avoid by thus squandering the hours,  
“ the lassitude, and inward torture which  
“ we should feel if left to reflection.  
“ The soul perceives nothing satisfactory  
“ within; the thoughts of every thing  
“ there are saddening, and this sends it  
“ abroad in quest of more entertaining  
“ objects; a lively attachment to which  
“ repels intrusions of reflection, and  
“ G 3 “ extinguishes

“extinguishes all remembrance of its  
“true condition. In this forgetfulness  
“consists its joy, as solitude and re-  
“flection make its wretchedness.”

When he was but eleven years old, some persons at dinner, happening to strike a fine Delft-dish with a knife; young Pascal observed that it made a shrill sound, but that the instant he laid his hand upon the plate, the sound ceased. This put him upon finding out the cause of it, and this experiment engaging him in others of the same nature, he drew up a little treatise upon sounds, which was looked upon as extremely ingenious and solid.

Of all the volumes published against the Jesuits, none did them more prejudice than Pascal's *Lettres à un provincial*; in purity of diction, grandeur of sentiment, solidity of argument, delicacy of rallery, it has few equals; Perrault had inserted Pascal among his *hommes illustres*, as no man could better deserve to be in such company; but the Jesuits, who could no more forgive, than they were able to answer these letters, procured an order that his life should be expunged out of the book; whilst Moliere a player, who  
lived

lived and died a reprobate, was not objected to by the fathers; so that he remains immortalized with geniuses, heroes and statesmen.

Pascal used to say of these authors, who speaking of their works, say, *my book, my commentary, my history, &c.* that they are like those trades-people who are for ever saying, *my house*, which they hire, *my goods*, which they have upon credit: These should rather say, *our book, our commentary, our history, &c.* since commonly more of it belongs to others than themselves.

Pascal had such an admirable patience in his sickness, that to those who pitied him, he would say, "Do not pity me, sickness is the natural state of Christians, because they are then as they ought always to be, ever in a suffering condition; deprived of every blessing, and the several pleasures of the senses; free from all passions, which are perpetually disturbing us when in health; void of ambition, of avarice, and waiting continually for death: ought not Christians to spend their lives in this manner? and is it not a great happiness, for a man to find himself,

G 4

through



“ through necessity, in the state in which  
“ he is under an obligation to be; and  
“ that all he has to do, is to submit  
“ humbly and peaceably; for which  
“ reason all I desire to do is, to beseech  
“ God to grant me that grace.”

The author of the *Nouvelles de la Republique des lettres*, among other reflections on the advantages which may be drawn from the extraordinary devotion of so excellent a mathematician, and so profound a philosopher; 'Tis of service, says he, to refute free-thinkers; they cannot now say, *that none but persons of mean genius are endued with a spirit of piety*. It must be confessed, that we rarely see persons who have once taken a pleasure in mathematical studies, and made a vast progress in them extraordinarily devout. It cannot indeed be universally affirmed of them, what abbé Furetiere said of attornies, “ There are  
“ saints who have been counsellors,  
“ bailiffs, nay, players; in fine, there is  
“ no profession how mean soever, but  
“ saints have been of it, that of an attorney excepted.” Mention is made of a parish-priest, who adopted a maxim like that of Pascal; but it was with respect

spect to another, and not to himself: A parishioner of his sent for him to come immediately, and offer up earnest prayers, that God would, in his mercy, restore him to health; the priest previously asked him, whether he was the better Christian in sickness or in health? The patient declaring, that God's severe visitation had been an advantage to him in that respect; It will therefore be better, replied the parish-priest, that you continue sick, in order that you may become a better man.

Some things in Pascal's conduct are no less particular than his idea of sickness. Though the conversation in which he was engaged turned entirely upon religious subjects, yet he feared they might have some ill consequences; but as he could not refuse the relief and instruction for which people fied to him, he contrived this remedy: he used to take an iron girdle stuck full of points, and put this round him, next his flesh, so that when any vain thought or unprofitable imagination came into his mind, he would strike himself with his elbow, to thrust in the points; and in this manner brought himself to give a check to his faculties.

He dispensed as much as he could with the attendance of his servants; accordingly, he used to make his bed himself; he used to fetch his dinner out of the kitchen, and carry it to his room; and after he had dined, carried it back to the kitchen; he employed his servants only in dressing his victuals, going on messages, and such service as he was absolutely unable to perform.

It was from Pascal the Jansenists learned to denote themselves by the particle *on*; he declared, that a gentleman should avoid naming himself, and even making use of the particles *I* and *me*; and he used to say on this occasion, that Christian piety extinguishes or annihilates the worldly *me*; and that worldly civility hides and suppresses it; and probably the Jansenists, out of veneration to him, have studiously affected the particle *on* in their writings.

His epitaph being suitable to the extraordinary person, I shall insert it:

D. O. M.

*Blaise Pascal.*

131

*D. O. M.*

*Blasius Pascalis Sentarius nobilis*

*Hic jacet,*

*Pietas si non moritur, æternum vivet.*

*Vir conjugii nescius,*

*Religione sanctus, virtute clarus,*

*Doctrina celebris,*

*Ingenio acutus,*

*Sanguine & animo pariter illustris,*

*Doctus, non Doctor,*

*Æquitatis amator,*

*Veritatis defensor,*

*Virginum Ultor,*

*Christianæ moralis corruptorum acerrimus hostis,*

*Hunc Rhetores amant facundum*

*Hunc Scriptores norunt elegantem,*

*Hunc Mathematici stupent profundum,*

*Hunc Philosophi quærunt sapientem,*

*Hunc Doctores laudant Theologum*

*Hunc pii venerantur, austerum,*

*Hunc omnes mirantur, omnibus ignotum*

*Omnibus licet notum.*

*Quid plura viator, quam perdidimus.*

*P A S C A L E M.*

*Ludov. erat Montaltius*

*Heu,*

*Satis dixi, urgent lachrymæ.*

*Sileo,*

*Et qui bene precaberis, bene tibi eveniat,*

*Et vivo & mortuo.*

*Vixit Ann. 39. m. 2. Obiit an. rep. sal.*

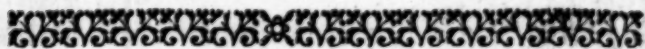
*1662. 14. Kal. Sept.*

*Cecidit Paschalis*

*Heu! Heu! qualis luctus.*

*G 6*

*PETER*



PETER DE MARCA, born 1594,  
died 1662.

✠✠✠✠ De Marca's book called *The*  
✠ M. ✠ *Concord of Priesthood, and Pre-*  
✠ ✠ *rogative*, gave such an idea  
✠✠✠✠ of his capacity, that before he  
he obtained any ecclesiastical dignity, he  
was sent into Catalonia, which had put  
itself under the protection of the French,  
with the superintendency of the law, the  
police, the finances, and even of the army;  
in all these branches, he won the affec-  
tions of all ranks to an almost unparal-  
lelled degree, as appeared by the prayers,  
vows, and pilgrimages for his recovery,  
when he lay at the extremity; Barcelo-  
na the capital of that province, made a  
public vow to our Lady of Montserrat,  
which lies at about a day's journey from  
thence, and deputed thither in its name  
twelve capuchins bare-footed, without  
sandals, and as many young maidens of  
family also barefooted, their hair loose,  
and in long white robes. M. de Marca  
firmly ascribed his recovery to this so-  
lemn



*Walter de la Calprenede.* 133

lemn humiliation; and after thanking that city, went and paid his devotions at Montferrat.

The death of this excellent person, three days after his nomination to the archbishopric of Paris, occasioned the following ludicrous epitaph.

*Cy gist, l'illustre de Marca,  
Que le plus grand des Rois marca  
Pour le prelat de son Eglise;  
Mais le mort qui le remarqua,  
Et qui se plait à la surprise,  
Tout aussi tôt le demarqua.*



WALTER DE LA CALPRENEDE,  
died 1663.

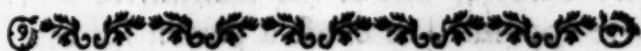
✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ A Calprenede being an ensign  
✱ L ✱ in the guards, when he was  
✱ ✱ ✱ upon duty at court, used to  
get up into the appartments,  
and there soon get an audience about  
him, by a most agreeable knack he had  
of telling stories; and often the court-  
ladies and maids of honour were among  
his hearers. The Queen one day reprimanding her women, that of late they  
seemed

seemed all at once to have entered into a combination to neglect their duty, one of them made answer, That there was a new ensign, who used to come up into the outward chamber, and tell such delightful stories, that there was no leaving him: this raised the princess's curiosity, and she was so taken with him, that she added a pretty pension to his pay.


La Calprenede having got a good sum by a romance, bought a very rich suit of cloaths; and an acquaintance asking him what stuff his cloaths were? he replied, "They are Silvander," which was the title of the piece which had procured him the money.

A Spanish lady, whom we may suppose to have wanted neither sense nor sensibility, having gone through a long and passionate conversation betwixt a lover and his mistress, in Calprenede's *Cleopatra*, said, with a pish, What a deal of time and wit is here thrown away; they were together, and alone.

NICHOLAS



NICHOLAS D'ABLANCOURT,  
born 1606, died 1664.

 A decorative initial 'D' enclosed in a square frame with floral corner ornaments. **ABLANCOURT** would never set about striking any thing out of his own genius, but confined himself entirely to translations. When any one was for encouraging him to give the world something of his own growth, No, says he, I am neither lawyer nor minister to compose sermons or pleas; the world swarms with books of politics; and what are all the treatises of morality, but so many repetitions of Seneca and Plutarch? So that he thought it was doing his country better service to give correct translations of good books, than to deluge it with new ones, which for the most part, after all, are found to have very little new in them.

Of all the writers in his time, D'Ablancourt was thought the best qualified to write the king's history; and accordingly had, with great joy, accepted of the offer, which was made to him by  
Mr.

Mr. Colbert, one of the committee who were appointed to chuse a person for that important subject, and to inspect the performance, and d'Ablancourt was to have a yearly pension of a thousand crowns. He was preparing to come and settle at Paris, for the more conveniently receiving papers, and other instructions from time to time; but Colbert, in his report of the matter to the king, unhappily mentioned d'Ablancourt's religion, which was Protestantism; this broke off a plan from which the designed author expected the highest literary glory; "No, said the king, my historian shall be of my religion; yet, as this person has such extraordinary talents, it is my pleasure that the pension be continued."

Though d'Ablancourt's father's poetic vein was so fluent, that by computation his verses amounted to full a hundred thousand, he himself never could compose two lines at once, though, as he used to say, he had more fire than three poets put together.

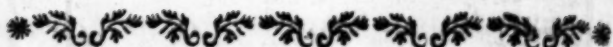
One Du Bosc, an author, came to borrow some money of D'Ablancourt, who expressing some concern at being so unreasonably out of cash, told him, "Here's

“ a manuscript translation of some famous Italian sermons, of which you are welcome to make money. ” Accordingly, a bookseller readily gave him forty pistoles for the translation ; which also raised Du Bosc's reputation, being published in his name. Few authors would have shewed their friendship by such a present.

D'Ablancourt allowed his servant, Bassan, more familiarity than is usually seen betwixt master and man : being one day at play, where he was visiting, and on the losing hand, Bassan, who was waiting in the room, plucking him by the cloak, whispered, but so loud as to be heard by all the table, “ A plague on't, not a sou of our money will be left, and then in your fretful moods, my shoulders must pay for your folly. ” This caused a general laugh, and Bassan was the chief diversion at supper.

WILLIAM





WILLIAM BAUTRU, born 1588,  
died 1665.

✠(✱)✠ T is said of Bautru, That he was  
✠ I ✠ a man who made it part of his  
✠(✱)✠ philosophy to admire but very  
few things; that he was, for  
fifty years, the delight of all the mini-  
sters and favourites, and generally of all  
the nobility of the kingdom, yet not  
the least adulation is chargeable upon  
him.

Bautru's marriage was not the happiest  
in the world, the well grounded suspicions  
he had of his wife's unfaithfulness, had urg-  
ed him to prosecute her at law: he also  
ordered his servant to be arraigned of  
having a criminal commerce with his wife,  
and followed him so close, that he had him  
condemned to be hanged at his first trial;  
but the servant appealing, and giving  
evident proofs, that his master had been  
his own avenger, and treated him in a  
very cruel manner; the sentence was mi-  
tigated to the galleys. This affair mak-  
ing a great deal of noise, Bautru was for  
being

being beforehand with the jesters, and entertained all companies with an account of these processes, adding, So you see, that if the *Bautru's* are cuckolds, yet are they no fools. On this cuckoldom of Bautru, an ingenious author having quoted the following lines of Lucretius, to inspire an indifference for death.

*But more to comfort thee —*

*Consider, Ancus perish'd long ago,  
Ancus a better man by much than thou.  
Consider, mighty kings in pomp and state  
Fall, and necessarily submit to fate.  
Consider even he, that mighty he!  
Who laugh'd at all the threatening of the sea!  
That drain'd the ocean once, and proudly led  
His legions o'er the fetter'd waves, is dead.  
Scipio, that scourge of Carthage, now the  
[grave  
Keeps pris'ner, like the meanest common slave.  
Nay, greatest wits, and poets too, that give  
Eternity to others, cease to live.  
Homer, their prince, that darling of the nine,  
(What Troy would at a second fall repine,  
To be thus sung!) is nothing now but fame,  
A lasting, far diffused, but empty name.*

*Nay,*

Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run,  
 That man of wit, who other men out-  
 [shone,

As far as does faint stars the fulgid sun.  
 Then how dar'st thou repine to die and grieve,  
 Thou meaner soul thou, dead e'en whilst alive.

" We may say, says he, just the same  
 " thing to those inconsiderable private  
 " men, who fret and foam at the in-  
 " trigues of their wives. You make  
 " yourselves uneasy, at a thing from  
 " which the most potent monarchs, the  
 " greatest warriors, the finest geniuses,  
 " and the most learned doctors are not  
 " exempt. How came you then to be  
 " more delicate than they? learn there-  
 " fore, from such illustrious fellow-suf-  
 " ferers, to bear with patience your  
 " wives frailties."

Bautru once seeing a piece of sculpture, in which Justice and Peace were represented, embracing and kissing each other; See, said he, how these supports of society embrace and kiss, taking a long farewell of each other! and indeed there seems little hopes of ever seeing them again.

Bautru,

Bautru, though a free liver, used to say, That the tavern was a place where folly and quarrels were bought by the bottle; and if to coast along pleasures was allowable, one should, by all means, take care of not landing upon them.

Being sent to Spain, in the inferior rank of a public minister, whilst he was attending the court of the Escorial, he took the opportunity to visit the library, promising himself great satisfaction in an acquaintance with the librarian; but, a little discourse gave him to see, that he scarce knew what valuable books were under his care, much less the contents and best editions, or the character of their authors; afterwards discoursing with the king, about the decorations of that magnificent palace, the king happened to say, Foreigners of learning have expressed great admiration of my library here; Nor can it be too much admired, answered Bautru, but your majesty's librarian is quite misplaced there; he'd make an excellent lord treasurer! A lord treasurer! replied the king, how so? Why, he never fingers what is committed to his care. Bautru's opinion of those who are so fortunate as to fill that lucrative

rive office seems by this to have been no better than that of king James I. of England, whose lord treasurer having built a stately seat, invited the king to an entertainment there; and the king commending the delightfulness of the situation, and the grandeur of the edifice, the treasurer offered to sell it to his majesty; No, my lord, answered the king, it suits a lord treasurer very well; but it is a deal above a king's match.

A president of parliament, but a most tiresome creature, calling one day upon M de Bautru; and the servant having told him, that his master was at home, ran to acquaint him of the honourable president's being below; "Why, thou blunderhead, hast thou told that insupportable fellow that I am within? fly and tell him, that I am extremely ill." Away runs the man to retrieve his mistake; Truly said the president, I am heartily sorry; but I'll e'en go up, and feel his pulse, then I can give a shrewd guess at the force of your master's distemper; for I'd have you know, friend, that my grandfather was first physician to the king. The footman hastens to his master, Bless me, sir, the president is coming



coming up to feel your pulse ; “ Well,  
“ and do you tell him, that I am just  
“ expired. ” The servant counterfeiting  
a mixture of grief and amazement, runs  
to the president, Alas! my dear master’s  
pulse is past feeling, he is dead, he is  
just expired ; Then, said the president,  
I’ll go and pay my friend the last duty,  
and sprinkle him with holy water ; Bau-  
tru had just time to leap into bed, and  
wrap a sheet about him, where he per-  
sonated the corpse so naturally, that the  
president, not aware of the artifice, after  
many lugubrious exclamations, kneel’d  
down at the foot of the bed, and fell to  
praying for a full hour, when spying a  
capacious utensil by the bed’s side, he  
poured it out to the last drop upon this  
mimick of death, then went away to re-  
tail Bautru’s death about the town.

Bautru did not die in any odour of  
sanctity, for when a confessor was brought  
to him, the first thing he said to the fa-  
ther, was, “ You don’t know me,  
“ father, and I know as little of you ;  
“ yet it is expected I should disclose to  
“ you the most secret, and most in-  
“ famous things which I have done, no,  
“ I must e’en make a shift without your  
“ absolution,

“absolution, it is rated too high.” And when after his death, they were selling his house, the chapel was found all over dust and confusion; this, said his own son, Is not to be wondered at, M. Bautru thought as little of the chapel, as he did too much of his kitchen and library.

He had a brother who was also a man of parts, of which one substantial proof is, that at his first appearance at court, he had but 800 livres a year, yet improved his fortune at a place where so many waste it, that he died worth 180000; he was withal, never at a loss to revive conversation, as being, one day in the queen’s circle, and even there the conversation dropping, so that not a word was spoke for a minute or two; this gentleman surprized, as he well might be at such phenomenon, as silence in a court-circle; is it not, madam, said he, addressing himself to the queen, “a very  
“odd circumstance, that madam de Guimene, (a lady there present) and I,  
“though born not far from one another,  
“and almost at the same instant, should  
“be so very different; she so charmingly fair, and I so extremely black.”

This

This is a very advantageous talent, thus to spread mirth and vivacity through a company ; when, as the ladies say in the *Menagiana*, *it rains lassitude as hard as it can pour down.*

Bautru was also very happy in a nephew, a person *tam marie quam mercurio*, raising himself, by his intrepidity, to be colonel-general of the carabiniers of France, yet with such an attachment to learning, that Sorbiere, of whom he was a particular favourite, in a letter to him, says, “ I am expecting the happiness of seeing you again next winter at Paris, in that chamber at the Louvre, where you have so often entertained yourself with the judicious Tacitus, whilst the other courtiers spent the morning in powdering their hair, and arranging their ribbons.”

An ancestor of his was not afraid, it seems, to cope with the devil, on account of a woman at Angers, who was given out to be possessed of two devils, who had instructed her to call the one Belzebub, the other Astaroth ; the former, it seems, was a boisterous devil, with a particular spleen against the Hugonots ; he was for striking every body,

H

and

and would have struck Mr. René Bautru, had not he laid hold of a staff, and in a threatening posture said to him; "Belzebub, thou old thief, if you offer to play tricks with me, I'll beat you like a devil." These were some of the famous devils of Loudun, which made such a noise about 1633; of whom a book was printed, which evinces the whole to be a chimera, and partly a contrivance of some of cardinal Richlieu's creatures, against one Grandier curate of Loudun, who had satirized that minister in a smart piece called, *The Shoemaker's wife of Loudun*; and they managed the matter so well, that the whole kingdom was terrified, and Grandier burnt alive, and his ashes scattered in the air. As he was upon the pile, (where he shewed a truly Christian firmness and devotion) a large fly happened to buzze about his head, upon which, a monk who had read that the devils are always at hand when men are dying, to tempt them, and that belzebub signifies in Hebrew, the god of flies, cried out in a transport, that it was the prince of devils, Belzebub, who flew about Grandier to carry his soul to hell. I must here be excused a digression,

gression, it being so very extraordinary :

“ Here, says the author of the life of a jesuit, who was one of the exorcists of the nuns of Loudun, will you see a man who redeemed Jesus Christ, that is, who, to rescue him from the hands of the devil, gave up himself to the devil.” When father Seurin exorcised the nuns of Loudun, the devils declared, That two magicians had seized three hosts to prophane them : Father Seurin fell to prayers, to obtain the deliverance of his master’s body, and consented, that his own body should be submitted to the power of the devils, in order to redeem it; the offer was accepted, and the exchange performed : the devils took the three hosts out of the hands of their agents, and put them at the foot of the pyx of the holy sacrament that was then exposed; and one of them entered into the body of the father, who remained possessed with an evil spirit the greatest part of his life.

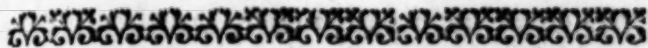
Bautru having exercised his wit upon the duke de Elpernon in public company, the duke hired two stout fellows to cudgel him publicly, and whilst they were belabouring him, Bautru kept



crying out, Gentlemen, spare life ! spare life ! About three months after, one of these blades meeting Bautru, called out, by way of mockery and insult, Gentlemen, spare life ! spare life ! but he disappointed the fellow, for instead of shewing any vexation, he merrily answered, Of all echoes I never heard such a babbling one as this, which repeats words three months after they have been spoken.

A poet, whom Bautru knew to have drank plentifully of the inspiring waters of Hippocrene, solicited him for some settlement ; Bautru takes him to the treasurer Desmery, a person who knew the world throughly, Here, says he, to the treasurer, is a worthy man, who will confer immortality upon you ; but you must procure him a livelihood ; Desmery answered, What ! panegyricks upon a treasurer ; that's hallooing the people against him ; 'tis rousing the sleeping adder ; if this poetizing gentleman can charm the people into silence only during my life, I'll make his easy enough : then turning to the poet, I shall take care soon to provide for you ; but must enjoin your muse not to mention my name ; obscurity is the only shelter for those  
who

who cannot make a public appearance,  
without being execrated.



JOHN DE GOMBAULD, died 1666.

\*\*\*E once presented some verses  
\* H \* of his composing to cardinal  
\* Richlieu, who upon reading  
\*\*\* them, said, They may be fine,  
but they are beyond my understanding;  
Gombauld streight replied, That's not  
my fault; a bluntness which that emi-  
nent minister had the goodness to over-  
look.

Gombauld, in the memoirs which he  
drew up towards forming the institutes  
of the royal academy, proposed, that  
every one of the academicians should  
be obliged every year to compose a  
piece in verse, or prose, long or short,  
to the honour of the Deity: And the  
critical M. Sirmond mov'd, that all  
the academicians should bind them-  
selves by oath to use, whenever they na-  
turally occured, all such words and  
phrases which should be approved and  
voted authentic by the majority of

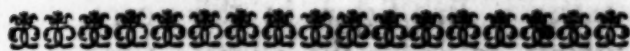
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suffrages;

suffrages; so that had this motion passed into a law, whatsoever objection one had to any word or idiom, it was to be used; the substituting any other, would not only have been uncanonical, but even impious; but that assembly was too wise to give its sanction to either of these overtures: a plain objection to the first was, that 'tis not every philosopher or mathematician, who can succeed in poetry or rhetoric; and the second was judged to give too great an importance and dignity to phraseology, clearness and propriety answering the ends of speech, if elegance and force be wanting.

Gombauld, though a zealous Protestant, was allowed a pension of twelve hundred crowns by the queen, Mary of Medicis, to whom no man of his condition had a freer access. He lived to near a hundred years, as he told one who never said any thing of it till after his death, because Gombauld had recommended secrecy to him, apprehending, that as he was then publishing a collection of his epigrams, it might give a handle to his Popish adversaries to censure him for minding such trifles at such an advanced age; of which there was little appearance in his smooth, lively

lively visage. It is a circumstance greatly to his honour, that he died more than a jubilate pensioner, his yearly gratifications lasting above fifty years; for if the court of France readily grants pensions and pays them punctually the first years, it is very apt to strike them off: newcomers croud in daily, whom the court are for humouring without fresh expences. The old pensioners are looked upon grudgingly, and 'tis well if, with all their cringing and begging, they can obtain a continuance.



GEORGE SCUDERI, born 1603,  
died 1667.

SCUDERI, by way of excuse  
for his precipitancy in writing,  
used to say, *That he was or-  
dered to make an end.* He may,  
for hasty compositions, be compared to  
a versifier mentioned by Despreaux,  
who had taken in hand a poem to which  
he gave the title of *Encyclopædia*, and  
had projected to carry it to about three  
hundred thousand lines; being one day

asked when his long-winded poem would be finish'd? he answered, I shan't trespass upon the world's impatience much longer, there remains but a hundred thousand lines, and then *finis coronat opus*.

Scuderi had a great elevation of spirit, though poor, of which the following particular is a singular proof; it is thus related by Chevreau: queen Christina told me a hundred times, that she designed a chain of the value of a thousand pistoles, as a present to M. Scuderi for the dedication of his *Alarick*, an heroic poem; but the count de la Gardie, who makes a fine figure in this poem, happening to incur the queen's displeasure, by her orders, I acquainted Scuderi, that the work would be much more acceptable to her majesty, if the count de la Gardie's name was expunged, and he would adapt some other more deserving name to those encomiums; Scuderi made answer, "No! though the queen's golden chain were as weighty as that mentioned in the history of the Incas of Peru, he would never demolish the altar on which he had sacrificed, and to a worthy deity; that an iron chain would best suit such tergiversation."

This



This heroic firmness, however, gave such offence to the queen, that she totally changed her mind; and what was as bad, Scuderi's *worthy Deity*, who owed him some return to such an attachment, did not so much as pay him a compliment, though the Count was a Frenchman.

I beg leave here to subjoin an anecdote or two concerning queen Christina, which will give an idea of that singular woman.

In 1656, queen Christina made her entry into Vienne in Dauphiny, dressed like an Amazon, in a buff collar, a plain petticoat, a military sash, mens shoes, a large black wig full of powder, and a sword by her side. Peter Boissay, surnamed, *The wit*, and known to the queen of Sweden by some poetical pieces in her praise, was desired by the magistracy to be their spokesman. He appeared before her in a long beard, and a coarse gown, that she was quite disgusted at his slovenliness, but much more at his speech, which, instead of an elegant panegyric, was a prolix sermon on the contempt of the world, and the judgments of God. But the dean of the cathedral gave a quite different

turn to his oration, as if he had known Christina's weakness; for she had an aversion to women in general; her being such was a pungent vexation to her, and whatever put her in mind of it, was sure to provoke her; in her several journies, she had stood above two thousand harangues or compliments, which she always nauseated, though the performances of chosen men of genius, and worked up with all imaginable art. One day, her physician said, Allow me the freedom, madam, to ask the reason of your dislike of these pompous harangues: Who, answered she, can bear with one eternal round of such jargon as this? *illustrious daughter of the great Gustavus; tenth muse; Sappho of our days; the honour and glory of your sex.* These gentlemen are at a wonderful deal of pains to tell me that I am a woman; I know it too well, without their stuff.

The dean, throughout his whole speech, avoided the word queen; he not only compared Christina to the greatest heroes, but shewed that she surpassed them by the superiority of her genius, the extent of her learning, and in a more distinguished manner by her bounty to the learned.

learned. These touches were so acceptable to the queen, that she asked for a copy of the speech, which she read over several times before she went to bed. She presented the dean with a gold medal, on one side of which was her busto, and on the other her abdication, and gave him a magnificent prospect if he would attend her, as her first chaplain; but a nobleman dissuaded him, by the instance, of several persons of merit whom the queen had invited into Sweden, and were returned barer than they went; and particularly the renowned Grotius, whose death was hastened by the queen's ill usage; representing Christina also as a fickle, capricious woman, and given up to her pleasures. Though the dean made handsome excuses, the queen's resentment was visible in the coldness with which she treated him ever after, till she left that city. If the death of the great Grotius was caused by a woman, he owed his liberty, and perhaps the prolongation of his life, to a woman; his wife, who after he had been imprisoned two years, observing that the guards being weary of searching a large trunk in which their linen used to be sent and

H 6

brought,

brought, let it go without any inspection, put her husband upon concealing himself in it, having made a few vent-holes with a gimblet; accordingly, the stratagem succeeded, and he was carried to a friend of his at Gorcum, where, crossing the market-place as a joiner, with a rule in his hand, he put his foot into a waggon in his way to Antwerp; madam de Groot all the while pretended her husband was very sick; but when she thought that he was safe, she told the guards with a laugh, That the bird was flown. At first there was a design to prosecute her; but by a majority of votes, she was released, and not without commendations, as the ingenious deliverer of her husband.

Scuderi was such an admirer of Scarron's *Virgil Travesty*, that upon the death of cardinal Richlieu, (which to the French muses was like a destructive tempest of hail to a fine ripe field, as his ministry had been their golden age) when the poetic pensions were suppressed, lessened, or ill paid, and Scuderi consequently at a low ebb, he composed these verses upon that laughable imitation:

*When*

*When you appear, again I live,  
Reason returns, my joys revive :  
Thy book's my humour's sole relief  
The counter poison of my grief.*

*By Hercules, renown'd in war  
(Oath of antiquity) I swear,  
Thy hero travesty'd has stole  
The secret anguish of my soul.*

*For this I'll hang up all my cares,  
My disappointed hopes, and fears,  
All that I feel of grief and mis'ry  
From an inexorable treasury.*

*I th' temple I'll hang them on high,  
Offerings to Virgil Travesty :  
Be but grotesque Æneas by,  
My destiny I dare defy.  
My unpaid pension freely I do,  
Here dedicate to burlesque Dido.*

Mr. Dryden, a famous English poet, had a more serious cordial; in his dedication of Juvenal, he tells his patron the duke of Dorset, that the following lines of Virgil never failed to lift him above any sharp sense of worldly calamities :

*Ut ventum ad sedes: hæc, inquit, limina victor  
Alcides subiit; hæc illum regia cepit.*

*Aude,*



*Aude, hospes, contemnerè opes, et te quoque*

[dignum

*Finge Deo rebusque veni haud asper egenis.*

*Dixit et angusti subter fastigia tecti*

*Ingentem Aneam duxit: stratisq; loccavit,  
Effultum foliis et pelle libystidis ursæ.*

*Then stooping through the narrow gate they*

[prest,

*When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest,*

*Mean as it is, this palace and this door*

*Received Alcides, then a conqueror,*

*Dare to be poor, accept our homely food,*

*Which feasted him; and emulate a god.*

*Then underneath a lowly roof he led:*

*The weary prince and laid him on a bed*

*The tussing leaves, with hides of bears* }  
[o'erspread.]

If the *Travesty* could exhilarate Scuderi, it only raised contempt in Boileau, who once said to the younger Racine, Your father, with all his genius, would be so weak now and then, as to give himself a laughing bout, by reading Scarron's *Virgil Travesti*; but he took care I should know nothing of the matter.

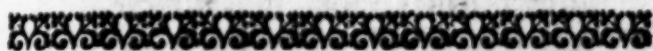
Scuderi was a great traveller, and valued himself above all things upon his courage, as appears from a preface, where

where he says, Reader, thou wilt easily pass over any faults which occur, when I have have declared to thee, that by far the greatest part of my life has been spent in the distractions of voyages, and the tumult of armies; that I have been more years in a camp, than hours in a closet; and that I have consumed more arquebuse matches, than I have candles; so that to draw up soldiers is my talent more than to arrange words, and I can better form battalions than periods. And in a dedication of one of his pieces to the duke de Montmorency, has this sentence, I'll learn to write with my left hand, and reserve my right hand to do more noble service with the sword; in another part he says, I am of a family whose glory has always been the military feather, 'tis something of a degeneracy in me to take the pedantic pen in hand.

These gallant expressions could not but gain him the duke's favour, being himself of such a military race, that his grandfather opposed the king's being instructed to read books, saying, That learning produced indolence and effeminacy, and made the gentry degenerate from their predecessors, besides, engendering

gendring heresies, as most bookish men affected to distinguish themselves from the vulgar. His father was the much-lamented duke of Montmorency who was beheaded at Toulouse in 1632; he had rebelled against Lewis XIII. and given battle to the king's troops, in which he was taken prisoner; and though his guilt was manifest, his many amiable and sublime qualities would have effaced it, by the intercession of most of the noblesse, had not cardinal Richlieu, by inculcating to the king the danger of pardoning such a man, compell'd him to order his execution: he had such a veneration for his dutchess, that when governor of Languedoc, he ordered that she should be received in all the towns of his government with honours hitherto unprecedented; and in particular, signified to the magistrates at Toulouse, that they should send a body of armed men to meet her; but they took the liberty to represent to him, that plays, dances, and music are the properest pomp for the reception of a woman. Perhaps that severity of the Romans, taught by many pernicious instances, of prohibiting governors of provinces  
from

from carrying their wives with them. was not altogether unjustifiable. This lord's answer to Chateauneuf, who presided at his trial, which was very solemn, shewed an uncommon spirit. Chateauneuf, according to the form in such cases, asked him, What is your name? Montmorency made answer, That you should ask my name, is very strange, you, who was page to my father.



DENNIS DE SALLO, born 1626,  
died 1669.

✱✱✱✱ I ✱✱✱✱ T is to M. de Sallo, that the literary world is obliged for the invention of journals, which at a small expence give us specimens of the labour of the ingenious, in all parts where letters are cultivated. In 1664, he began the *Journal des sçavans*, which is continued to this year with so much reputation. As the following adventure will do him no less honour among those, who raise virtue above all endowments, I shall relate it with all its circumstances. In the year 1662, Pari

wa

was afflicted with a long and severe famine, when M. de Sallo returning from a summer-evening's walk, with only a little foot-boy, a man coming up to him, presented his pistol, and asked him for his money, but in a manner far from the resoluteness of an experienced robber ;  
“ You are come to the wrong man, an-  
“ swered M. de Sallo, you'll have no  
“ great booty from me ; I have only  
“ three pistoles about me, which are not  
“ worth a scuffle ; so much good may  
“ do you with them ; but you are in a  
“ bad way.” The man took them, and moved off, without insisting upon any thing further. Upon this, M. de Sallo said to his lacquey, “ Mind and dog  
“ that man carefully, that he mayn't  
“ be aware of you ; but be you care-  
“ ful to see him housed, and bring  
“ me word of every thing.” Away goes the boy, and follows him through several obscure streets, when he saw him go into a baker's shop, where he observed him to change one of the pistoles, and buy a huge brown loaf ; about ten houses from thence, he followed him into an alley, and found means to creep up to the fourth story after him, where he saw him  
him



him go into a room, which was without any light, but that of the moon, and peeping through a crevice, he perceived the man throwing the loaf on the floor, and then bursting into tears, said, " There, eat your fill, that's the dearest loaf I ever bought ; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles ; so let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings ; for soon or late these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamours." His lamentations were answered by those of his whole family ; and the wife having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cut lunchions of it to four poor starving children. This scene of misery was reported in every particular, as well as his dexterity in following the robber ; M. de Sallo gave orders to his boy to call him at five the next morning, when he should shew him the way to the man's dwelling. He enquired in the neighbourhood what the man was, who lived in such a chamber with a wife and four children ? The answer was, That he was a shoemaker, a very good kind of a man, and very industrious, and a neat work-

workman, but overburthened with a family, and had a hard struggle of it in these sad times. Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascends to the shoemaker's lofty residence, and knocked at the door, which was opened by the poor creature himself, who at first sight knowing him to be the person whom he had robbed the evening before, threw himself at his feet, and began to plead the extreme distress of his family, and to beg he would forgive his first crime:

"No noise, answered M. de Sallo, I have not the least intention to do you any harm; you have a good character among your neighbours; you must expect to be quickly cut short in such freedoms as you took with me; hold your hand, here's thirty pistoles for you to buy leather; live close, and set your children a commendable pattern; and to put you further out of temptation to such unbecoming doings, as you are a neat workman, and I am not particularly engaged, take me and this boy measure for two pair of shoes each, which he shall call upon you for:" and then M. de Sallo went away. Never could a day be much

much better begun. An excellent tragedian says,

*That blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,  
And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.*

And an infinitely greater authority tells us, "That if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness shall be as the noon-day; the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose water fail not." *Isaiah lviii. 10, 11.*

Yet the end of M. de Sallo had nothing correspondent to this; for, as an author expresses it, he died of an illness, from which the nurslings of the muses are generally pretty secure; and for which neither Galen, Avicenne, nor Hippocrates, afford a remedy; in short, to speak more plainly, he died with grief, seeing himself stripped of a hundred thousand crowns, his entire substance, by a few days ill run at play. The above-mentioned action has all the outward appear-

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*Honorat Marquis of Racan.* 167

ficient in application and correctness, and that a Racan and Maynard incorporated, would make a complete poet; yet his own writings, though they pleased the court, were not unexceptionable, being severely criticised by authors, of whom he used to express his disregard in this quatrain:

*The readers and the bearers like my books,  
Yet snarling writers cannot them digest,  
But what care I? for when I make a feast,  
I would my guests should praise it, not the  
[cooks.*

Racan told two of his acquaintance, that the celebrated mademoiselle de Gournay had sent him an invitation, and that in the evening, he designed to wait on her. This lady was of Gascony, consequently mercurial and passionate, but a wit, and as such, at her coming to Paris, had a mighty longing to exchange a few words with the marquis de Racan, who was in every body's mouth for an admirable genius. One of these gentlemen goes away to mademoiselle de Gournay's, and sends in word, under the name of the marquis de Racan. The lady received him



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him with the utmost joy and respect; and he was very fluent in his encomiums on some pieces, which she had published; then after an hour's conversation, took his leave, and left mademoiselle extremely pleased, that she had seen the famous Racan. He was scarce out of the street, when the other acquaintance of the same waggish disposition, thinking to put a trick upon Racan, came thither to personate him; Mad. de Gournay received him with the same respect, but being not a little perplexed, could not forbear asking him several times, whether he was really the great Racan? at which he expressing some surprise, she related to him the particulars of the late visit. The sham Racan seemed to be all in a flame at the affront put upon him, and vowed revenge against the impostor; however, he pleased her better than the former, having been more profuse of his compliments, and on her person no less than her works; so that she desired the honour of his frequent visits: soon after him comes the original Racan, and sends in his name; this put her out of all patience; "What! more Racans; however, shew him in;" she im-

*Honorat Marquis of Racan.* 169

immediately rattled him as a coxcomb, a cheat, and an intruder. Racan, who expected another kind of reception, and at best was but meally-mouthed, was so stunned with such a peal, that he could only stammer a confused reply. This confirming mademoiselle's charge, "What!" says she, with all the effervescence of her natural impetuosity, do you then "pitch upon me for your make-game?" and pulling off her slipper, charged him so vigorously with it, that he betook himself to a precipitate retreat.

The whole artifice soon after came to light, and Racan was reconciled to mademoiselle Gournay; she one day was shewing him a parcel of epigrams, as of her own composing; "Really, madam," said he, "I must tell you, they are very insipid;" No wonder, replied she; they are no more than translations from the Greek: within a few days dining together at a friend's, she took the liberty to say the soap was tasteless; and he replied, "Madam, it is a soap after the Greek fashion."

Malherbe and Racan resemble each other in many particulars; Malherbe used to say, *That the religion of gentlemen was*  
I *that*

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*that of their prince*; and Racan carried his no further than writing of epigrams against the nonconformists. An unbridled love of women predominated in both. In a letter to Balsac, after a luscious description of conversing with women, and a passionate lamentation of his impotence, Malherbe says; Judge, if after this, there be any misfortune equal to that of not being able to have a share in their favours; and I am sure you will hardly condemn me; but I must no longer continue this topic, lest it throw me into despair, at the cursed effects of age. One day he took upon him to say to the duke de Bellegarde, You act the part of a gallant, and lover of the ladies, can you pay a bill at sight? This was the old lecher's usual phrase to express, whether upon an invitation, he was immediately able to gratify them; upon the duke's answering, Yes, that I can, Malherbe replied, As I live, my lord, I prefer such a vigour to your peerage. How inferior was he to the virtuous pagan poet Sophocles, who being asked in his advanced years, Whether he still diverted himself with the fair sex? answered, with some exultation, God, for-

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forbid! the furious tyrant lust is dethroned in me, and tranquillity and virtue have taken its seat, what a happiness is it to be our own masters! and Racan, Malherbe's faithful imitator, in a letter to the same Balzac, says, "It is strange, that M. de Malherbe should accuse me of frigidity, when he himself is meer ice; as to my own part, I would not exchange the remains of my venereal ability for the victories of the prince of Orange, or the wisdom of cardinal Richlieu."

That they are not alone in such an opinion of the enjoyment of women, appears from a story of a princess, (yet of such pure virtue, that she remained a virgin all her life) who had lost her sight in her old age; being in that condition, a poor blind man was led to her coach, and cried out to her, "My good lady, have pity on a poor man, who has lost the joys of this world." The princess hearing this, asked one of her women, "What! is the poor creature then an eunuch?" No, madam, it is because he is blind; "Alas, poor man," replied the princess, he is in the right, "I did not think of that." The simpli-

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city of this good princess's question pleasantly enough discovered her opinion of worldly sensations; but, be it as it will, they discover themselves to be a couple of mean-spirited sensualists.

Racan happened one day, when he was in his nineteenth year, to make a quatrain like that of a poet, whom he thought he had never read, of which this is the English;

*Let death be dreadful to both mean and great,  
Let every creature fear the stroke of fate;  
Not such my thought, I count the moment blest,  
Which ends our trouble, and begins our rest.*

Repeating these verses some time after to a friend, in a bravado, as his own, his friend told him, That he must not think such a trick would go down with him, for he knew the verses to be *Matbieus*. Racan, who had never seen that book, stily denied it, till the book was shewed him; at which he seemed quite amazed. Thus Corneille often said, that the two famous lines in his *Polyeucte* were made long before he knew that they were Mr. Godeau's:

*Et*



*Honorat Marquis of Racan.* 173

*Et comme elle a l'éclat du verre,  
Elle en a la fragilité.*

*Fortune resembling glass in ev'ry tittle,  
Like glass is shining, and like glass is brittle.*

It is no very uncommon thing to hit on the thoughts and expressions of others; but what Leonardo Salciati says, That a poet of his time, who had never seen cardinal Bembo's sonnets, had made some exactly like them, seems beyond all credit; without doubt, little Racan had heard that quatrain repeated; for, as all well educated children are taught some pious sentences, the Protestants chuse some select passages of David's Psalms, the Papists the Quatrains of Pi-brac, with which those of Mathieu are generally bound; the traces of it, imprinted on his brain, remained stopt up several years; afterwards disclosing, they seemed to him an object entirely new: he thereupon concludes himself the author of those four lines, though in truth they were no more than a recurrency. What Molliere puts in the mouth of a father to an unruly daughter, on the point of education, deserves a place here:

See, see the consequence of that delight  
 With which you read romances day and night;  
 Your head is fill'd with love's fantastic toys;  
 And Clelia, more than God, your speech employs.  
 Then to the flames commit each impious page,  
 The bane of youth, and poison of the age,  
 And let to those destructive tales succeed  
 The learn'd Mathieu; or virtuous Pibrac read:  
 In them you will the noblest maxims find:  
 They'll form the heart, and cultivate the mind.  
 Let these, and let the sinner's guide be thine;  
 There will you learn to live a life divine:  
 And had not other books your mind betray'd,  
 A father's will had now been more obey'd.



SAMUEL SORBIERE, born 1650  
 died 1670.



LEMENT IX. before his elevation to the papacy, corresponded much with him, but treated him always as a friend, without any regard to bettering his fortune, of which Sorbriere wittily complains, That he had more need of a waggon-load of bread, than a dish of sweetmeats:

sweetmeats: 'tis sending ruffles to a man, who has not so much as a shirt.

Sorbiere attributes the ill circumstances of poets, partly to their being so absorbed in composing; the pleasure poetry affords is very exquisite, but the misfortune is, that it diverts the geniuses from more important attentions; it gives a singular turn to their conduct, and thus involves them in difficulties. Rather than interrupt the inspiring god, a true poet will be wanting in civility to a friend, will break material appointments, and neglect his office; nay, their attachment has been known to be so strong as to take off the sense of pain; witness Marino, who burnt his leg as he was writing some pathetic stanzas of his *Adonis*! yet the poet's pressures well deserve our pity, as owing to those elevations of fancy which give us so much delight. There are other more frequent, and more shameful causes, I mean their vices. The before-mentioned Tristan had, at several times, received above a thousand pistoles from the duke de St. Aignan, yet never had a good coat on his back; this supineness (to give it the softest name) of

the inspired train, is prettily exposed in the following tale ; “ I remember formerly to have read a witty piece, entitled, *a Poet bought a house*: the substance of it is this ; a certain poet having purchased a house of his own, this strange matter was laid before the session of poets, as a dangerous innovation, and a very bad precedent ; accordingly, without any warm debates, it was disapproved, and when each member severally delivered his opinion and vote, it appeared there was not one of this Parnassian assembly, who by the favour of patrons, or the equity of booksellers, was master of a house: all of them neglecting their own private fortune , frankly owned, and bragged, that they lived in lodgings ; hereupon it was ordered, *nemine contradicente*, that this purchasing poet should immediately sell his house, and lay in wine with the produce for their entertainment, and habituate himself like a true poet, to live in a single room, above the petty concerns of life, which only shackled a genius.” But this is not always the case ; for not to mention the affluence of

of many poets of our own nation, Tasso had apartments in the duke of Ferrara's palace, and Ariosto built himself a very convenient house, as an inscription on the front testifies.

*Parva, sed upta mihi, sed nulli obnoſcia, ſed non Sordia, parva me ſed tamen, cere domus.*

Indeed, a perſon once telling him there was a deal of difference betwixt that little box, and the ſtately palace erected in his works, Ariosto answered, *porvi le pietre & porvi le parole non è il medefimo*, i. e. that ſtones and words were alſo two different things.

Sorbiere's account of England was judged to be ſuch an exaggerated miſ-representation of that people, that the king of France himſelf removed him from being hiftoriographer. He relates a pleaſant ſtory, that when Clement VI. had given the Fortunate iſlands to Lewis of Bavaria's ſon, and they were raiſing men for that expedition, the Engliſh ambaffador at Rome, ſuppoſing theſe Fortunate iſlands could be none but his luxuriant England, took the alarm, and haſtened to communicate it to his countrymen. His taxing the Engliſh with



cowardice, seems to have galled that ferocious nation, more than any other of his sarcasms, and is thus retorted by one of their writers (Dr. *Sprat*.) From a pitiful fray betwixt a naked scholar, and an armed French soldier, he concludes a general want of courage in the English, "What, Sir, will the Dutch and the Spaniards think of this? the one when they remember the Portland and the North-foreland fights; and the other, when they call to mind Teneriff, and the sandy downs of Dunkirk; will they not take it ill, that he should defame all those as cowards whom Cromwell's men have beaten? But if our late civil wars had not given an unconfutable evidence of the English valour; if the unparalleled Sir Richard Greenville; if our conquests of Ireland and Scotland be forgotten; if the joint testimony of almost all the historical writers for these last 600 years be of no account; yet I could never have believed that the historiographer of France would have given it under his hand, that the English are cowards." This author afterwards ridicules him on his description of *Hatfield*,  
of

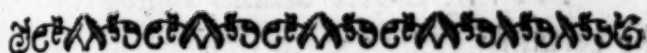
of which this is the conclusion, *That the fishes in the ponds did often leap out of the water into the air, to behold, and to delight themselves with the beauties of the place.*

Sorbieri is perhaps as partial in his encomiums on Rome; every thing there edifies him, the Roman court, he says, in answer to a person's separating himself from his wife on account of adultery, notwithstanding its pomp, has a great deal of affability and modesty. None of the cardinals are in the least tainted with that haughtiness, of which there is so much in some ministers of our acquaintance; even the holy father, I converse as freely with, as I do with you; admire his condescension, his courtesy, and tenderness: A little before my departure, some English gentlemen, prompted by curiosity, got in among those who went to see his holiness, where genuflexion was required; when he came to them, he ask'd them what countrymen they were? and then if they were not protestants, which they owned; whereupon his Holiness replied, with a smiling countenance, *Rise, therefore, I will not have you to commit an Idolatry,*  
*according*


*according to your opinion; I shall not give you my blessing since you do not believe me to be what I am; but I pray God to make you fit to receive it.*

Sorbieri had no great stock of learning, but sedulously cultivated an epistolary correspondence with all who were of eminent reputation that way, in order to give a lustre to his own; he made a very artful use of Hobbs's and Gassendi's letters to him: Hobbs used to write to Sorbieri on philosophical subjects, these letters Sorbieri sent to Gassendi, who was charmed with them, and exerted himself to return adequate answers; Gassendi's answers Sorbieri sent as his own to Hobbs, who thought himself happy in the correspondence of such a profound philosopher; but at last the trick transpired, and the triumvirate was severally talked of as they deserved.

FRANCIS



FRANCIS LE VAYER, born 1588,  
died 1672.

E Vayer was so afflicted at the death of his only son, that he married again, though in his 75th year, and without any very good opinion of the felicity of the married state, as appears from a letter of his, " Do not expect a panegyric from  
" me on a state with whose inconveni-  
" ences I am, perhaps, not less ac-  
" quainted, than they who are most  
" weary of them ; I have always taken  
" that sleep into which God cast Adam  
" before he presented him with a wife,  
" not only as a caution to distrust our  
" own sight, as a very bad counsellor  
" in matrimony ; but as an indication,  
" that no man would take upon him-  
" self that incumbrance, if the eyes of  
" his mind were open, to look forward  
" to the inconveniencies and perturbati-  
" ons of that union." When Ovid arrays  
the god Hymen in a saffron-coloured  
robe.

*Croceo*

..... *Croceo velatus amictu*

he certainly designed to image the concomitant of marriage. The cares of a family, the several blasts of fortune to which you expose yourself, the jealousy with which the beauty or chearfulness of your wife will possess you, together with the dread of any blemish upon your honour, are they not sufficient causes of the jaundice? but after all, we ought to acquiesce in our destiny, and submit to what the wisest legislature has on this occasion ordered for the best: to alter their decree is not for us, and we bid fair to plunge ourselves into more miseries, by preferring, our own inclinations and desires to the sober directions of laws, and the rules of society. I am much mistaken, if this person does not find this remedy which he has so ardently prosecuted, worse than the evil: and the free concubinage which he talks of with so much transport, to be more intolerable than marriage itself; the saying of the ancients,

*Tam malum est foris amica, quam malum est uxor domi.*

A mistress abroad is as great an evil as a wife at home,

falls



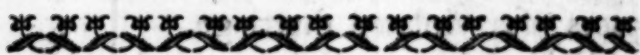
falls vastly short; It is ridiculous, it is a delirium to expect a greater intimacy and steadiness in libertinism, to imagine more sincerity in a mercenary artificial flame. We both have known several men more harrassed to extricate themselves from such a licentious life, than by all the disgraces of a violated marriage.

His bookseller complaining to him of a book of his, for which he had a good price, and which was like to prove a shopkeeper, Be easy, said le Vayer, I'll give it a lift; accordingly, he procured it to be prohibited, then every body would have it; and a second and third edition hardly answered the demand.

Le Vayer above all things took delight in accounts of foreign countries, and the remoter the better; Bernier, whose travels are so well known, came to visit him in his last minutes, le Vayer no sooner saw him, that he asked him with an air of eagerness seemingly above his languor? Well! any fresh accounts from Mogul? and within an hour death extinguished all his curiosity.

Le Vayer was a person of such talents, that cardinal Richlieu was for appointing him tutor to Lewis XIV. but the queen-mother

mother would not confer that office on a married man, as le Vayer then was; and thus marriage which stands in need of, and is entitled to countenance and advancement, is often an obstruction to men of merit.



TANAQUIL FABER, born 1615,  
died 1672.

HE is accused of fathering upon  
H Justin Martyr, and Nazianzen  
in the following passage, what  
they never spoke, " It was a  
" common thing in Greece, as it is also  
" the custom to this day, for the sacred  
" orators, if those pulpit drums and trum-  
" peters to the mob deserve that honour-  
" able name, to give out, that Aristotle,  
" because he could not discover the reason  
" of the Euripus's ebbing and flowing  
" seven times a day, flung himself into it,  
" and so, poor wretch, ended his life. Justin  
" Martyr, Nazianzen, and others who  
" adopted it into their writings, either did  
" it out of zeal to the Christian philosophy,  
" (for so those petty Greeks called Chri-

“stianity) or from their ignorance of  
“history, which they might easily have  
“consulted.”

When the great Basnage was his scholar, he would dissuade him from engaging him in the ministry; you see, says he, that state only on its fair side, you do not know how much it is degenerated from its primitive origin: believe me, you have too much honesty to be a minister, you have too much candour to discharge that office as it is now discharged, your zeal and diligence will make most of your colleagues your enemies.

Faber's contemptuous speeches on the clergy proceeded from his having been something too severely handled by the consistory of Saumur for a rant of admiration, *That Sappho's love of women was to be pardoned, as it had inspired such an exquisite ode*: and the following passage in his dedication of Anacreon, brought him into further trouble, “Nor would he  
“rather pursue those amours which were  
“observed by France among the auxili-  
“ary forces in the manner of our fathers.

*Their mistress Goat in silken cords was led,  
Her gilded horns bright rays of glory spread,*  
Her

*Her temples with the finest ribbons bound,  
Her head with myrtles and with roses crown'd,  
Proudly she tript, and scarcely trod the ground.* }

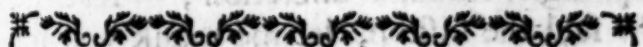
This trick'd-up she-goat, the mistress of an Italian general, requires some explanation. Beza, in his ecclesiastical history, anno 1562, says, "Those Italian troops, sent and paid by the pope, plundered to the very shoes of the poor Lazars, and were of such a detestable lust, that they brought the goats along with them for their monstrous gratifications." Varillas has the following passage, "The duke de Nemours having besieged Lyons in the year 1562, was obliged to retire, being forsaken by 3000 Italians for want of regular pay: their living had been so execrable, that the country people were obliged to burn all the goats in the place, through which they passed. And d'Aubigné tells us, that the baron Des-Adrets leading on his men against the Italians, made only this speech, *See there the murderers of women, and children, and the lovers of she-goats, let's fall on.*

Faber being at Paris, M. Colbert was for fixing him there, and made him

such

such advantageous offers, that put him to some hesitation, but suddenly, and when his friends had quite other hopes, he dropt the matter, and hastened back to Saumur. It is thought that this abrupt departure was owing to his passion for the charming madam Liger, yet he was near being fatally disappointed, narrowly escaping being drowned on the Loir in his return; when the danger was over, he made the following distich.

*Quid juvat haud periisse tuis, Ligurine, sub undis,  
Si pereo flammis, ô Ligerina, tuis.*



ANTONY GODEAU, born 1605  
died 1672.

SOON after M. Godeau's history came out, he was at a bookseller's shop, but took care to hide all his episcopal *Insignia*; the conversation turn'd upon this new history, and as is usual among men of literature, every one very freely spoke his opinion; father le Cointe allowed that there were many excellent things in the work, that nothing could be more delicate



delicate and judicious than the reflections, but that he could wish there were more exactness in the facts, and more criticism, and proceeded to point out some places which he admired, and others which he thought wanted amendment. M. Godeau in the mean time was very attentive, without saying one word, but after the father was gone, enquired his name and abode, and on the very same day, went thither and sent in his name; the father's surprise and concern at the sight of him may well be imagined, and he began to apologise for his indiscretion; "Rather," said the bishop, let me thank you for your sincerity, you and I must be better acquainted, and I must insist that we read over my history together, and that you shall make as free with it, as at the bookseller's shop." Accordingly, the father's observations greatly improved the second edition, for which bishop Godeau honoured him with a particular friendship. So this is a pattern for all author's to think themselves happy in an Aristarchus, to have their works comptrilled by a judicious friend, according to the advice of the politest of writers, Horace.

*The*

*The prudent care of an impartial friend  
Will give you notice of each idle line,  
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Orna-  
Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd; [ment,  
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,  
And with a strict examen mark your faults.*

Ld. Rosc.

M. Godeau used to say, That to compose was an author's paradise; that to revise and retouch his compositions was his purgatory; and to correct the errors of the press was his hell.

As to facility in composing, says he, it may seem to be an advantage, but it is a kind of fault, because it hinders the mind, which naturally hates pain and labour, from carrying things to their proper perfection; and indeed the revision, which purifies the first productions, is more troublesome to those who have that facility, than to others who finish things as they produce them, and in whom there is more art than nature. Quintilian also would have an author be very slow in his first composition; thus writing well will become habitual to him, but if he writes hastily, or, which is the same, with great facility, he will never write well.—Yet this facility is preferable

rable to Babsac's sterility, who himself confesses, "That when he took pen in  
" hand, no galley-slave suffered more."  
and of whom it is said, "That the po-  
" lishing a period cost him a day; and  
" that he spent some hours in placing  
" a conjunction or preposition.

M. Godeau was a distant relation to M. Colbert; and when he was at Paris, made his house his own; the poetry, and other pieces of literature, which he had composed in his recess, drew thither a resort of wits and scholars, to hear them read; and the bishop used to claim a return from the company. This private literary assembly was properly the origin of that illustrious body, incorporated under the auspices of cardinal Richlieu, by the stile and appellation of the French academy. The royal society of England also had its primitive derivation from a set of learned persons, who used to hold private meetings, for the promotion of natural and mathematical knowledge.

M. Godeau having printed the life of St. Paul in verse, carried a copy to Daillè the famous Minister, and his intimate friend. The poem not being of  
any

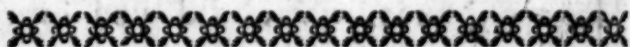
any forbidding length, Mr. Daillé set himself very gravely to read it before the bishop ; but when he came to the passage in the xxiii. of the *Acts of the Apostles*, he could not forbear smiling at the manner of M. Godeau's describing St. Paul waiting in the high-priest's anti-chamber ; and amusing himself with taking a view of the exquisite paintings. M. Godeau observing his smile to continue, asked him the reason of it. " Why, answered he, my lord, you who are so well versed in, and who have published such an elaborate piece of church history ; pray where did you ever read, that the Jews, after their return from the captivity, ever decorated their houses with pictures, contrary to their original institutes ? " Indeed, replied M. Godeau, This was a sad oversight, it shall not pass in the second edition.

M. Godeau being deputed by the states of Provence, to represent at court, that the large sum required of that province greatly exceeded its ability ; among other pleas in his speech, said, That Provence was very poor, and producing only jessamin and oranges, might  
pro-

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properly enough be called a *perfumed beggar*.

The above-mentioned father le Cointe was employed to write the ecclesiastical annals of France; and a friend of his telling him, That they were universally complained of, as too diffuse, he frankly answered, When they shall be finished, farewell pension. You know, added he, what the count de Biron said to his son, If a peace should be brought about, you and I may go and set cabbages at Biron.



JOHN BAPTIST POCQUELIN DE MO-  
LIERE, born 1620, died 1651.

✱(✱)✱ Grandfather of Moliere's being  
✱ A ✱ extremely fond of him, and at  
✱(✱)✱ the same time, no less fond of  
theatrical performances, used  
very frequently to take the boy to the  
play; his father saw this with some un-  
easiness, lest it might give an idle turn  
to his son's mind, and indispose him for  
the trade to which he designed him, and  
of which he had obtained the survivorship,  
being



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being one of the court upholsterers, so that he took the liberty to ask the old gentleman why he perpetually carried the child to the playhouse, adding, with some indignation, have you a mind to make an actor of him? Would to God! answered the grandfather, he were an excellent actor! This answer from one who had made him his darling, at once set him against upholstery, and determined him for the stage. In order to distinguish himself in this profession, he got his dear grandfather to prevail with his parents to give him a taste of literature; which, after a warm opposition from both, not without reproaches for having turned their child's head, was consented to, and he was put to the college.

It is said, that the prince of Conti offered Pocquelin, though young, to make him his secretary; which, to the immortal honour of the French stage, he declined; sensible that he was cut out for an actor, an actor he would be: so Horace likewise preferred privacy, and the muse, to the wealth and dignity of being secretary to the emperor Augustus. This option has been highly commended, but I think undeservedly; the relief of deprest me-

K

rit,

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rit, the increase of the general welfare,  
are what should ever be uppermost in  
our minds, and these unquestionably  
may be better promoted by a secretary  
to such persons, than by a player, or a  
poet.

When Pocquelin was upon making  
his first appearance on the stage, out of  
regard to his parents, who could not  
bear the thoughts that their son should  
be a player, he altered his name, to that  
of *Moliere*, which, indeed, was not un-  
common among the eminent French  
players, who used to be distinguished by  
a *nom de guerre*, as many servants, and  
soldiers are calling themselves, *Belle-rose*,  
*Joli-cœur*; but they were careful to chuse  
appellations of an agreeable or ludicrous  
import; whereas that which this inge-  
nious person pitched upon, *Moliere*, i. e.  
*Grind-stone*, seems unaccountable, unless  
it was a denotative of his resolution to  
crush and destroy the vitiated taste, the  
follies and vices of the age, in which it  
must be owned, he endeavoured to be  
*a man of his name*.

It had been usual for the musketeers,  
gendarmes, and others of the king's  
horse-guards, to be exempted from pay-  
ing

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ing at the theatre, so that frequently the pit was crowded with them; which, with their obstreperous behaviour, obliged Moliere to lay the matter before the king, who immediately said, "That they were gentlemen, and ought to pay and behave as such;" and gave orders accordingly. This so provoked these gentlemen of the blade, that they broke open the house-door, killed the door-keepers, and were proceeding to ferret out the company; vowing, with horrid imprecations, to cut the wind-pipes of these informing scoundrels of players; but one of them who was dressed up like an old man, suitable to his part, came upon the stage, and falling upon his knees, cried out, *for God's sake Gentlemen, spare a poor old creature who has but a few days to live; the blood of such as we does not deserve to stain those glorious swords, which, in your intrepid hands, have made such havoc in the field of battle.* This submission from a young beardless actor, appeased all their rage by cajoling their vanity, and the king's resentment at such an outrage brought them into order ever after.

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The run of the *Affected*, a light satyri-  
cal piece, gave him to understand, that  
satire and trifle were the prevailing allure-  
ments: he saw that the taste of the age  
was so depraved, that it would reluct  
against any thing really good; besides,  
a great number of people of fashion re-  
sorted to his house, not with any design  
to mind the play, often not so much as  
knowing what it was, but merely to see  
and to be seen; both which humours,  
never failed in that place of a compleat  
gratification: he found the quality to  
be of such a very good-natured compo-  
sition, that they never laughed so heartily  
as at their own costs, that their highest  
diversion was to see their faults exhibited  
on the stage, that they had a tameness  
and patience, which would have made  
a very good figure in those rigid days  
when penance was publicly performed  
at the doors of churches, since so far  
from expressing any indignation or dis-  
like at an open representation of their  
faults, they made a jest, or boasted of it:  
and certain it is, that after the acting of  
the *Affected*, where the ridicule is as  
keen as the images are natural, there  
was a kind of emulation among these  
insensible

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insensible personages, to furnish the author with tales of the transactions in the polite world, with delineations of their own faults, and those of their most intimate friends; accounting it an honour that they should be pictured out in his works, and that it should be said, he thought their impertinences worth playing off: for, it must be known, that there are some quality faults with which they plume themselves, and it would be a most painful mortification to them, if these were not exposed to public notice.

Amidst all the levities of the times, it is a pleasure to observe an instance of an unanimous disapprobation of any thing bordering upon impiety; when in 1665, Moliere brought upon the stage an imitation of the Spanish play called, *El Combidado de piedra*, i. e. the stone-guest, by the title of *Peter's feast*, which is pretty near the same with the English *Don John*, the audience were shocked at such a medley of religion, impiety, and buffoonery; so that on the second night, many such passages as the following were omitted.

“ Don John meeting with a beggar  
“ who ask'd his alms for the love of

K 3

“ God



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“ God, and to move his compassion,  
“ tells him, that he spent his life in  
“ praying to God, and yet very often  
“ was without any thing to eat.” so,  
answered he, “ you spend your life in  
“ praying to God, and he leaves you to  
“ starve! a pretty return; here, take  
“ this money: I give it you for the love  
“ of humanity.”

Moliere had an excellent heart, there are a thousand instances of it: one day his pupil Baron bringing him word of a man whom extreme distress hindered from shewing himself, added, his name is Mondargo; I know him, answered Moliere, he was one of us in Languedoc, what will it be proper to give him? Baron, after some pause, said, Four pistoles. Well, replied Moliere, I am going to give him four for myself, and do you give him these twenty; to this handsome present Moliere added many tender expressions, and a very rich theatrical habit for tragedies.

All Moliere's avocations had not diverted his attention from philosophy, and he used to have many a sharp dispute with his friend Chapelle on that head; the  
former

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former for Descartes, and the latter for Gassendi; being one day in a passage boat, where among others was one cloathed like a Minime, they were for trying masteries before this man of supposed erudition. “ I’ll appeal to the good father, says Moliere, if Descartes system be not a thousand times more just and consistent, than all Gassendi has forged to gain credit to Epicurus’s reveries. His morality I except, but all the rest is not worth a single look. Is it not so, father? ” The religious answered, Hum, hum, as if he understood the point; Oh! faith, father, with submission to you, said Chapelle, who thought the Monk gave it against him, Moliere must own, that Descartes’s system is no more than that of a mechanic, who contrives a curious engine, without attending to the working of it. His system is irreconcilable with an infinitude of phænomena in nature, which this speculation was not aware of.” Here the Minime gave another hum, as if he sided with Chapelle. This made Chapelle exult, whilst Moliere laboured, with all the contention of a philosopher, to over-

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throw Gassendi; which at last drew a kind of decisive hum in his favour. At this Chapelle took fire, "My God," cried he, is it possible, that Descartes "should be preferred to the solid Gassendi? what if his reveries be plausible and delicate, they are but reveries, and pilfered reveries; he has been proved a plagiary, and that is mean, sneaking, and dishonest, is it not, father?" The Minime here gave his usual sign of approbation; Moliere exasperated, replies; the Minime hums; and Chapelle, scarce himself, retorts the argument. Thus these two philosophers grew enflamed, and were discharging invectives at each other with an academical effervescence, when the boat luckily drew near to the monastery, to which the arbiter of their ostentatious altercation belonged. He desired to be put ashore, thanking them very humbly for the diversion which their profound learning had given him; then taking his wallet from under the boatman's seat, he stepped ashore; for this person, whose applause they had solicited with all the power of eloquence and ratiocination, proved to be no other than a lay-brother,

*i. e.*

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i. e. an illiterate person, who does all the drudgery and mean offices in a convent: this put the two disputants quite out of countenance; but as they were both concerned in the delusion, it sat the easier on them; and Moliere being a little recovered from his confusion, drew a document from this adventure for Baron, who was with them, but too young to comprehend such high-flown debates. *See, said he, little boy, the advantage of a discreet silence, which gains a man reverence, who if he were to speak, would expose himself to be laughed at.*

Upon the first acting of the *Gentleman Cit*, the king not saying good or bad of it, the courtiers, one and all, talked of it with the utmost contempt; it was every where decried with such acrimony, that Moliere was ashamed to shew his head, sending Baron upon the hunt, who always returned with heart-breaking news. About a week after, however, this play being acted a second time, the king, who till then had not declared himself, said to Moliere, “If I was silent at the  
“first representation of your piece, it  
“was because I apprehended the per-  
“formance might deceive me; but in-

K 5

“deed

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“ deed, Moliere, you have never better  
“ diverted me; and it is an excellent  
“ piece.” After this, the courtiers talk-  
ed, as if they could never enough praise  
what they had been damning all the  
week.

The famous count de Grammont was  
thought to be the original of *The Forced  
Marriage*. This nobleman, during his stay  
at the court of England, had made love to  
Miss Hamilton, but was coming away  
for France, without bringing matters to  
a proper conclusion. The young lady's  
brothers pursued him, and came up with  
him near Dover, in order to exchange  
some pistol-shot with him; as soon as  
they had sight of him, they called out,  
“ Count Grammont, have you for-  
“ got nothing at London?” Excuse me,  
answered the count, guessing their er-  
rand, I forgot to marry your sister; so  
lead on, and let us finish that affair. By  
the pleasantry of the answer, this was the  
same Grammont who commanded at  
the siege of a place, the governor of  
which capitulated, after a short defence,  
and obtained an easy capitulation; the  
governor then said to M. Grammont,  
“ I'll tell you as a secret, that the rea-  
son



“son of my capitulation was, because I  
“was in want of powder;” M. Gram-  
mont replied, and secret for secret, the rea-  
son of my granting you such an easy capi-  
tulation, was because I was in want of ball.

Moliere used to read his comedies  
to an old servant-maid of his; and when  
any of what he intended for risible parts  
made little or no impression upon her,  
he altered them, having been convinced  
by experience, that they would not take  
upon the stage; one day he was for  
bringing the old woman’s taste to a par-  
ticular trial, and began to read, as his  
own, a play written by some other; but  
she was soon sensible of the difference,  
and roundly told her master, that she  
was not to be tricked so, for she was  
sure that play was none of his. When he  
was to read any of his plays to the actors,  
before their public representation, he  
would have them bring their children,  
from whose natural sensations he used to  
form very useful conjectures.

Moliere, in his youth, had begun a  
translation of Lucretius, the finishing of  
which was prevented by the following  
misfortune: A servant of his took some  
sheets of the manuscript translation for  
curling papers; and Moliere being ex-

tremely passionate, was so provoked at this mistake, that he threw the remainder in the fire. This translation was judiciously diversified, the philosophical argumentations being rendered in elegant prose, and by way of *alto relievo*, the descriptions in beautiful verse.

Moliere's turning actor, gave his father so much disturbance, that he employed the choice of his acquaintance to retrieve his son from that scandalous and damnable way of life, as he called it, but to no purpose; at last he bethought himself of the master with whom Moliere had boarded, at his first entrance into learning; he concluded, that this person's former authority could not fail of reclaiming him; but it fell out quite contrarily, and young Moliere drew over his master to take on with them, telling him, that his little Latin excellently qualified him for the part of Doctor, and he would find a most charming difference betwixt their life, and the plague and confinement of a boarding-school.

Rapin looked upon Moliere as an inimitable original; so that the king one day asking, who was the chief of all the excellent writers which France could boast

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boast of, during his reign? He answered, Moliere; "I did not think so, replied the king, but you understand these matters better than I." The great Condé directed Moliere to let him see him frequently, and owned, that he had always something new in his conversation.

Moliere having thrown out alms one day to a beggar, the man called out to the coach to stop; and coming up, "Sir, said he, I suppose this piece of gold was not intended for me;" Moliere, after a moment's pause, cried out, "In what holes does virtue nestle itself? here, friend, there is another." In his latter days, Moliere was confined to a milk diet, but when he was at his country-house near Paris, his friend Chapelle used to invite the guests, and be master of the ceremonies. Moliere withdrew one evening, leaving his friends at their bottle: about three in the morning, the talk happened to fall upon morality, "What an insignificant thing is this life of ours, cried Chapelle, the gall infinitely outweighs the honey; thirty or forty years are often thrown away in the anxious pursuit of a pleasure,"  
"sure,

“ sure, which at last does not fall to  
 “ our share, or deceives our expecta-  
 “ tion ; our poor childhood is perpetu-  
 “ al y plagued by our parents, in stuff-  
 “ ing our heads with a pack of nonsense ;  
 “ what a plague is it to me, whether  
 “ the sun or the earth circulates, or  
 “ whether that crazy fellow Descartes,  
 “ or that visionary Aristotle be in the  
 “ right ? yet my blockhead of a tutor  
 “ was continually thrumming such stuff  
 “ into me, and teasing me with his Epi-  
 “ curus ; though, indeed, him I liked well  
 “ enough. Well, we are no sooner out  
 “ of the clutches of these pedants, but  
 “ a settlement is brought upon the car-  
 “ pet ; by Jupiter, women are sworn  
 “ enemies to man’s quiet ; look round  
 “ on every side of this fine life, and  
 “ there’s nothing but care, vexation,  
 “ misfortunes, and confusion.” Jour-  
 “ dain rose and embraced him, “ Spoke  
 “ like thyself, my dear friend, life is  
 “ a scurvy business indeed, let’s leave it  
 “ to groveling fools ; and lest such good  
 “ friends as we should be separated,  
 “ let’s e’en go and drown ourselves to-  
 “ gether, we have but a step to the  
 “ river. That’s my hero, said No-  
 gent,

“gent, this is the very nick of time  
“to die good friends, and in high spi-  
“rits; besides, the whole nation will  
“ring with this exploit.” This friendly  
motion being unanimously applauded,  
up start these inebriated gentlemen, and  
stagger away for the river. Baron run  
out for help, and called up Moliere, who  
was the more terrified at their project,  
as he knew them to be so far in liquor;  
these frantics had already reached the river,  
and were putting off a boat, in order to  
drown themselves in the deepest water,  
but luckily some of the servants and vil-  
lagers being at their heels, drew them  
ashore. Enraged at being prevented  
from destroying themselves, they drew  
their swords upon their helpers, and  
these took to their heels towards Moliere’s  
house, who meeting his furious friends,  
said to them, “What’s the matter gentle-  
“men? what have these rascals done to  
“you?” Done, replied Jourdain, who was  
“the most forward to be gone, these scoun-  
“drels have interrupted our drowning  
“ourselves; now, dear Moliere you are  
“a man of wit, and so may judge  
“whether we are not greatly in the right:  
“wearied out with this paltry world,  
“we



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“ we were upon mending our condi-  
“ tion in the other ; to which the river  
“ seemed the shortest cut ; and these  
“ dogs of rustics have frustrated our  
“ expedition ; don’t they deserve our  
“ swords in their guts ? Is it so ? replied  
“ Moliere, that’s too good for them ;  
“ begone, ye scum of the earth, said  
“ Moliere, in a seeming anger to the  
“ poor men, or I’ll break every bone  
“ in your bodies ; such fellows as you  
“ to presume to thwart gentlemen in  
“ their noble design. Now, gentlemen,  
“ continued Moliere, in what have I de-  
“ served, that you should not have ac-  
“ quainted me with such an exalted pur-  
“ pose ? what ! to drown yourselves, and  
“ leave me in this sneaking, fickle, mi-  
“ serable world ; I thought you had  
“ loved me better. He is indeed in the  
“ right, said Chapelle, twas not friend-  
“ ly in us ; well, come along, the more  
“ the merrier. Fair and softly, replied  
“ Moliere, this requires some delibera-  
“ tion ; ’tis the last act of life, and  
“ should be attended with all its merit ;  
“ were we to drown ourselves now im-  
“ mediately, the spiteful world would  
“ not fail to make it a handle, to say,  
“ that

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“ that we did it in the night, like folks  
“ in despair, or in a mad fit of drunkenness: let us take the season  
“ which will dignify the achievement,  
“ and set it in its full lustre; about  
“ eight or nine in the morning, fresh  
“ and fasting, we’ll solemnly proceed  
“ hand in hand to the river, before a  
“ multitude of spectators, and then a  
“ good riddance of the world. His  
“ reasons are unanswerable, said Nogent, I like them well. The devil’s  
“ in it, continued la Motte, we are but  
“ mere ideots in comparison of this  
“ Moliere; so agreed, we’ll put it off  
“ till to-morrow, and in the mean time  
“ let’s to bed, for I can hardly keep my  
“ eyes open.” Thus, without Moliere’s  
happy presence of mind, there would  
have been a horrid complication of guilt  
and mischief; for his friends were bent  
upon revenge; but a sound sleep reconciled them to the world; and they rewarded those who had put a stop to their precipitate departure.

About a week after the prohibition of his *Tartuffe* or *Hypocrite* at the clamours of the clergy, a piece being acted at court, with the title of *Scaramouch Hermit*,

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*Hermit*, the king said to the great Condé,

“Why, have we no remonstrances

“against this piece, when Moliere’s play

“put the clergy in such a ferment?”

The prince replied, “’Tis because Sca-

“ramouch only strikes at heaven and

“religion, which are indifferent mat-

“ters to those gentry, but Moliere had

“the audaciousness to make free with

“them.”

One day, during the representation of

the *Tartuffe*, a gentleman coming to

speak with Moliere in his closet, which

looked upon the stage, he suddenly

cried out, “Oh that dog! that bungler!

“that butcherly wretch!” and struck

his head with his fist, like one in a frenzy.

The gentleman was extremely startled,

and thought him seized with a sudden

fit; but Moliere no less surprized him,

when he calmly answered, “Be easy, Sir,

“’twas only an actor, who spoke four

“of my lines most shamefully, with-

“out any accent or gesture; and to see

“my children thus hang’d, drawn and

“quarter’d, torments me like a damned

“soul.”

Moliere has been taxed with too much

liberty in new words, and new expres-

sions

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sions, on which it is justly observed, that it has been greatly to the improvement of the French language; and that there is no better forge for new words than the stage, for when it produces any approved novelty in language, it will soon be spread far and near, by the repetitions of the audience; good authors have a right, they deserve thanks for coining new words, otherwise languages would be poor, flat, and defective:

*New matter various nature still affords,  
And new conceptions must require new words.*

CREECH LUC.

Moliere knew by experience the uneasiness of husbands jealous on good grounds, which he has so naturally described; he married young Mrs. Bajard, (whose father he was thought to be) daughter to a country actress, who affirmed, that she never admitted any but persons of noble blood, except Moliere; and inculcated to her daughter, not to debase herself with gallants of a lower class. In his *Princess d'Elide*, she shone so enchantingly, that he soon had reason to repent of his having exhibited her

her at court; Moliere was given to understand, that whilst he made it his business to divert every body, every body made it their business to divert his wife; he expostulated with her on the aggravation of such an injury to him who had so carefully brought her up, and always treated her with the tenderest affection. She wept, and vowed her innocence, though her behaviour might not be free from levity. At this Moliere begging her pardon for his anger, gently represented to her, that a good intention was not sufficient to preserve reputation, but that every occasion of scandalous reports should be avoided. Mrs. Moliere acquiesced to his great joy, but soon returned to her former intrigues more openly than ever. He reproached her with such warmth, that she fell into a swoon, which almost threw her poor husband into the same condition; yet when her spirits returned, thinking this a fair opportunity of parting with him, she spoke in a high strain; That she was weary of being every day accused of what she abhorred; that he might think of a separation; from this quarrel her aversion grew so extreme, that when he was  
for



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for using the privileges of a husband, she treated him with the utmost contempt; and they agreed to a kind of divorce, without decree of parliament. The thoughts of an absolute separation, however, gave him a most excruciating anguish; and one day, when a worthy friend of his had strove, with all the force of ridicule and argument, to bring him to more manly sentiments, Moliere made this answer; I perceive, that you have never been a true lover, and that you took the image of love for the passion itself. To omit all other instances of its power, I shall only give you a faithful account of my agony, to make you sensible how little a man is himself under the ascendant of love. You say, that I must have a perfect knowledge of the inside of men, by my exact descriptions of them; I own that I have made it my daily study to know their foibles; but if I have laid down rules for shunning the danger, my own sad experience tells me, it is unavoidable. I am, indeed, resolved to live no long with her as my wife but did you know the pangs this costs me, how would you pity me? such is my passion, that I cannot forbear  
being

being extremely concerned for her; and the thoughts of my insuperable injured fondness, makes me imagine, that her inclinations to coquetry may be equally forcible, and that she is more an object of compassion, than of censure. This you'll say, is a love peculiar to you poets, but, in my opinion, there is but one sort of love, and they which have never felt this delicacy, are perfect strangers to true love: is it not amazing that my reason only gives me the sharper sense of my weakness, without being able to conquer it? I can't forbear telling you, replied his friend, that you are more to be pitied than I thought, but I hope time will cure you, and I beseech you to use your endeavours towards it.

Moliere's death was very surprising: being to act *Le Malade Imaginaire*, he was taken so ill before it began, that the players advised him to put it off; but he, in regard to the number and dignity of the spectators, was unwilling to send them away, and acted his part with such intenseness almost to the end, that he was not aware of the increase of his illness; but when he came to that part of the play, wherein he counterfeited a  
dead

*John Baptist Pocquelin de Moliere.* 215

dead man, he happened to be so weak, that it was thought he was really dead, and they had much ado to make him stand up; they advised him to withdraw. No, the play being far advanced, he thought he could go through it without further prejudice, but his zeal for the public was of fatal consequence to him; for as he was speaking of Rhubarb and Sena in the consultation of physicians, some blood issued out at his mouth, then he was carried home to the grief of the whole audience; his wife following him, and pretending a deep affliction. All medicaments proved ineffectual, and he died in a few hours, by an effusion of blood.

Of all the epitaphs, the following Latin one was best received,

*Roscius hic situs est tristi Moliæus in urna  
Qui genus humanum ludere, ludus erat  
Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem  
Corripit at mimum fingere sæva negat.*

Here Moliere lies, the Roscius of his age,  
Whose pleasure, while he liv'd, was to engage  
With human nature in a comic strife,  
And personate its follies to the life,  
But fullen death offended at his play,  
Would not be joak'd with in so free a way;  
He,

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He, when he mimick'd him, his voice restrain'd,  
And made him be in earnest what he feign'd.

Here also follows a French Epitaph,

*Cy git qui parut sur la scene  
Le singe de la vie humaine  
Qui n'aura jamais son égal  
Qui voulant de la mort ainsi que de la vie  
Etre l'imitateur dans une comedie  
Pour trop bien reüssir, y reüssit fort mal;  
Car la mort en étant ravie  
Trouva si belle la copie,  
Qu'elle en fit original.*

Within this melancholly tomb confin'd,  
Here lies the matchless ape of human kind;  
Who, while he labour'd with ambitious strife,  
To mimic death, as he had mimic'd life,  
So well, or rather ill, perform'd his part,  
That death delighted with his wondrous art,  
Snatch'd up the copy, to the grief of France,  
And made it an original at once.

Other authors say, that Moliere was indeed seized with a convulsion on the stage, by endeavouring to top his part under such an indisposed state of body, but that he was carried home, and there turning his mind to a frame becoming that awful instant, he expired in the arms of his two sisters, who were nuns, and when they came to Paris to gather collections in Lent, were always entertained at his house; on this occasion we have

*John Baptist Pocquelin de Moliere.* 217

a very signal instance of Moliere's benevolence, for there being strong symptoms that he was very much out of order, his pupil Baron was very urgent with him to put off the play, he answer'd,  
" I can't bear the thoughts that any indulgence to myself shall hinder the  
" many poor industrious creatures which  
" are about the house, of one day's subsistence?

Boileau once told Moliere, the stage is too mean a sphere for your genius, you see what objections were made in the royal academy against admitting you, on account of your profession; Moliere answered, " Honour links me  
" to it, in every other branch I shall be  
" eclipsed." Honour, replied Boileau, a fine honour truly! three or four nights in a week to have your face all bedawbed, be ridiculously drest up like a scaramouch, and often have a good drubbing-bout into the bargain.

Riccoboni's commendation of Moliere's dramatic talents, must not be omitted; his words are, " As for comedy, it, no less than tragedy, stood  
" in need of very great alterations, and  
" amendments, in order to make it an

L

" en.



“entertainment to a judicious audience;  
 “the genius of the two Corneilles, so  
 “excellent in tragedy, was not  
 “thoroughly adapted to its more  
 “natural and humorous character,  
 “though by their means it had re-  
 “ceived a considerable polish from its  
 “former defects, some of which were  
 “very considerable; but to perfect  
 “comedy, a Moliere was still wanting,  
 “who, destined to be the restorer of  
 “true comic taste, appeared at Paris in  
 “1658. He ventured to depart from the  
 “beaten track of ancients or moderns,  
 “and acquired by his few pieces, the re-  
 “putation of an original, excellent co-  
 “mic poet, which he afterwards greatly  
 “heightened; and I think it my duty  
 “to confess, that during my five and  
 “forty years practice on the stage, I  
 “have studied this author, and never  
 “failed upon every review of his ex-  
 “cellent works to find some new beauty  
 “which had before escaped my atten-  
 “tion.”

The company, of which Moliere was  
 the head, proposed a very pompous fu-  
 neral for him; but the archbishop of  
 Paris would not so much as allow him  
 Christian

*John Baptist Pocquelin de Moliere.* 219

Christian burial; Moliere's widow willing to make some amends by her respect to his corpse, for the uneasiness she gave him while living, went and threw herself at the king's feet for redress; the king told her, " That it being an affair " within the Archbishop's jurisdiction, " he was the person whom she must " petition;" however, his majesty sent a message to the prelate, recommending the matter to him, as his refusal would make a great noise, and give offence; this induced the archbishop to recall his prohibition, provided that the burial should be plain and silent; accordingly it was performed by two priests without singing, a great number of his friends attending, each with a torch in his hand; but Mrs. Moliere, who was always upon extremes, several times exclaimed; *What! is a funeral denied to a man who deserved altars?* The devout archbishop, seems to have favoured plays as little as Edward III of England, who ordained, " That a company of men " called vagrants, should be whipt out " of London, because they represented " scandalous, foolish things in ale-houses, " and other places, to crowds of people."

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The

This severe edict, put the players upon contriving religious representations; for a few years after, the clergy and scholars of St. Paul's school, petitioned Richard II. "to prohibit a company of unexpert  
 " people from representing the history of  
 " the *Old Testament*, to the great pre-  
 " judice of the said clergy, who have  
 " been at great charge and expence in  
 " order to represent it publickly at  
 " Christmas.

Madam Dacier, who has done so much honour to her sex, and whose character had been still more estimable, if in her attachment to imbibe the learning, she had guarded her temper against the self-sufficiency and asperity of a commentator, being an infatuated admirer of antiquity, composed a dissertation on purpose to prove the superiority of Plautus's *Amphitruon*, above that of Moliere; but upon an intimation that Moliere intended a comedy, with the title of *the learned Woman*, she hastily suppressed her dissertation.

Some of Moliere's enemies were very busy to persuade the duke de Montausier, so famous for the austerity of his virtue, that it was he whom Moliere exposed  
 in

*John Baptist Pocquelin de Moliere*, 221  
in *The Misanthrope*; this drew the duke  
to the house, but when the curtain was  
drop'd, he said, I wish I were like Mo-  
liere's *Misanthrope*. This duke's be-  
haviour to Madam Dacier is too noble to  
be omitted. That lady having in 1682  
dedicated a book to the king of France,  
she could not find any person at court  
who would venture to introduce her to  
his majesty, in order to present her book,  
because she was at that time a Protestant;  
the duke of Montausier, though governor  
to the Dauphin, offered his service, and  
taking her in his coach, presented her  
and her book to the king, who told him  
with an air of resentment, "That he  
" did wrong to countenance heretics;  
" and that his name might never be  
" a sanction to any book written by  
" a Huguenot, he would order all the  
" copies to be seiz'd." The duke re-  
plied with that undaunted freedom which  
he always so properly used towards the  
king, *Is it thus, Sir, that you are the*  
*patron of literature, the Augustus of the*  
*age? I declare to you frankly, that a*  
*king ought not to be a bigot, adding,*  
*that he would thank the lady in his*  
*majesty's name, and make her a present*

222 *John Baptist Pocquelin de Moliere.*

*of an hundred pistoles, leaving it to the king, to act like a bigot or a prince: and he acted up to his promise, assuring mademoiselle Dacier, "that his parlour should always be open to a lady of her merit."* It is to this nobleman that the literary world is obliged for the editions of the Classics, *in usum delphini*, the first idea of this noble design being his, though the execution was conducted by the very learned bishop Huet.

*The Female School*, met with several rubs at first, Plapissou greatly admired for his philosophy, being upon the stage, at any laugh from the pit, shrugged his shoulders, and with a look of compassion, intermixed with a leaven of spite, called out aloud, Ay, laugh, pit, laugh on. A certain duke was at the head of the censurers of this piece, and being ask'd by a connoisseur what mighty faults his grace found in it? Fault said the duke, a very comical fault, *Cream Tart*. Well, but *cream Tart*, answered the wit, is no such fault that you should decry it at such a rate; *Cream Tart* is execrable, replied the peer; *Cream Tart*, oh unpardonable! can any man of common sense speak up for a piece with *Cream Tart* in it?  
this



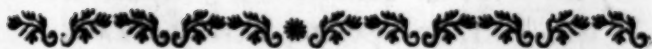
*John Baptist Pocquelin de Moliere.* 223

this delicate remark spread over all Paris. Soon after Moliere exhibited *the Criticism on the Female School*, in which *Cream Tart* was not forgotten; and as it was now become a kind of proverb, the ridicule was also general; but this splenetic nobleman, conscious that he had set the phrase a going, and piqued, to be singled out, as he imagined, for the stage, contrived a revenge equally mean and imprudent. One day seeing Moliere passing through an apartment where he was, he came up to him with an air of friendliness, and Moliere stooping in respect to his quality, he took him by the head, and repeating several times *Cream Tart, Moliere, Cream Tart*, rubbed his face against his buttons, which were of diamond-cut-steel, that it was soon all over blood. The king happening to see Moliere thus disfigured on the very same day, and enquiring into the occasion, gave the duke a very sharp reprimand.

I don't know how Moliere came to expose abbé Conti as he has done in his *Learned Woman*, and so distinctly, that he bought a known gown of the Abbé's for the stage. Poetry was certainly not

the Abbé's talent, but his other excellent qualities should have screened him from the lash. Wearied out with the disturbances and contests which the management of his fortune brought upon him; he made it over to a friend who was to supply him with what he wanted: his relations prefer'd a petition that he should be put under a guardian, as his giving away his fortune was an evident sign of lunacy; honest Cotin, instead of employing counsel, waited upon the judges, and begg'd of them to be present at one or two of his sermons, of which, if they pleased, they might set the texts, and that he would abide by their opinion of the state of his mind. The judges agreed to the proposal, but were so edified, that when his relations appeared in court, the judges reproached their insolence for commencing a suit against a person who preached with so much good sense and dignity.

**HENRIETTA**



HENRIETTA DE COLIGNI, or  
Madam de la SUZE, died 1673.

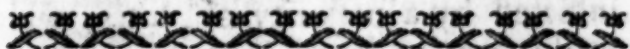
WHATEVER grounds Mr. de la Suze might have for jealousy, it was so strong in him, that he was for mewing her up in one of his seats; and it is said, that she, to avoid accompanying him to the designed place of confinement, abjured the protestant religion, which was also that of her husband; this charge being talked of before queen Christina of Sweden, she wittily said, “ That madam de la Suze had embraced catholicism to avoid seeing her husband both in this world and the next.” Whether it was owing to this change of religion, where a difference endangers conjugal harmony, or to the Count’s busy jealousy, the breach widened to that degree, that the countess formed the design of a divorce, and offered her husband twenty-five thousand crowns for his acquiescence; which he readily coming into, their marriage was annulled

by an arret of parliament ; upon which it was said, and perhaps truly, That this affair had cost the countess fifty thousand crowns, because, had she not been so very hasty, the count in a short time instead of being paid twenty-five thousand crowns, would gladly have compounded for that sum to have been eternally rid of her.

This lady had brought herself into extreme embarrassments. One morning, about eight o'clock, an officer came to seize her goods ; her woman acquainting her with the affair ; the officer was desired to walk up to her chamber, where she was in bed. Sir, said she, " I have scarce had a wink of sleep all night, that I must beg your patience for an hour or two." To be sure madam, replied he ; after which she fell asleep till ten o'clock, and then dressed herself in order to go and dine in town where she had been invited. When she came out of her apartment, she told the officer, Sir, I thank you very heartily, for your civility, and now I leave you master here ; then very composedly went out of her house.

Madame de Chatillon, having a suit with the countess de Suze, these two ladies

ladies happened to meet in the court ; the duke de la Feuillade who handed madame de Châtillon, said with a Gascoon air to the countess, who was attended by Benserade, and some other poets ; So, madam, you have rhyme on your side, and we have reason. Madam de la Suze, piqued at this raillery, replied also with an air of contempt, Then, Sir, we cannot be said to go to law without rhyme or reason.



JOHN CHAPELAIN, born 1595,  
died 1674.

\*\*\*\*\*CHAPELAIN was at such  
\* C \* a height of reputation, that the  
\* W \* Cardinal de Richlieu, could  
\*\*\*\*\* think of no better expedient to  
give the world a high idea of something he  
was about to publish, than to prefix Chapelain's name to it ; " Chapelain, said he,  
" lend me your name on this occasion ;  
" and I'll lend you my purse on any  
" other."

There was a tavern in Paris, where the young court lords, who affected the charac-



ter of wits, together with Boileau, Racine, la Fontaine, Furetiere, and other select persons, held a club, in a room where no other company was admitted. On the table always lay Chapelain's *Maid of Orleans*, which has occasioned such altercations among the Parnassians; but what opinion this assembly had of it, is evident, from the following ceremony: when any one transgressed against purity of expression, or justness in argumentation; he was to undergo the punishment inflicted by a majority of votes, which was always to read a certain number of lines in that poem; the number was proportionate to the offence; a great error subjected the delinquent to read twenty; but it must have been an enormous barbarism, which required the expiation of a whole tedious page. Yet such was the prepossession of the public, for every thing that came from Chapelain, that this faulty poem run through six editions in eighteen months, before any one openly attacked it.

Chapelain was most sordidly stingy. Pelisson and I, says Menage, had been at variance a long time with Chapelain; but, in a fit of humility, he called upon me,

me, insisting, that we should go together, and offer a reconciliation to Chapelain, for that it was his intention, *as much as possible, to live in peace with all men.* We went, and I protest I saw the very same billets in the chimney, which I had observed there twelve years before.

Chapelain would be seen with a cloak in the midst of summer, on which an acquaintance of his had a smart sarcasm; for asking Chapelain the reason of such an unseasonable habiliment, "Really," answered the poet, I am out of order;" Really, replied the other, I rather believe your coat is out of order.

Some academicians, displeased at such shabbiness in one of their members, nicknamed Chapelain, *The Knight of the order of the Cobweb*, alluding to his coat, which was so full of darns and patches, that the innumerable transversal directions of the threads represented, in some measure, the lines of a cobweb. Being one day in an illustrious circle, a spider of a surprising bulk happened to drop from the ceiling: it could not be thought to belong to the house, which was kept with the nicest cleanliness; the ladies, one and all, said, That such a frightful insect could come from

from no place, but Mr. Chapelain's wig, where it might have been securely harboured, without any fear of the comb's teeth; possibly pique had some share in this ridicule; for Chapelain made no scruple to say, *That the wittiest women were scarce rational.* He was also no less squalid than tenacious; for Balzac relates, That upon their reconciliation, after an estrangement of ten years, occasioned by a literary contest, he went to see him, and found him in his chamber, where hung a monstrous cobweb, and which he had seen of the same extent before their quarrel. History informs us, that the emperor Heliogabalus having ordered all the cobwebs of the city of Rome to be brought together in a heap, and weighed, they amounted to near five tuns, which shews, that there were many Chapelains in that imperial city. Chapelain's contrivance to save his napkins, by wiping his hands with a rush broom, was a masterpiece of parsimony. One act of very signal self-denial and generosity in this miser, may almost compensate for all his other indecencies; the duke de Montausier being appointed governor to the Dauphin, pitched upon Cha-

Chapelain to be preceptor, and had got the king's approbation, not doubting of Chapelain's joyful acceptance; but when he opened the matter to him, Chapelain could not be prevailed upon to accept of that glorious employment, judiciously alledging, that with the seriousness and infirmities of his years, it was against nature, that he could ingratiate himself with a young prince, which yet was absolutely necessary to the success of his instructions.

A man of merit, whose case it was, to be sometimes bare of money, addressed himself to Chapelain, who, with a great deal of difficulty, pulled out a crown, saying, "We ought to relieve the wants of our friends, but not foment their luxury."

Chapelain boarded with his heir, but whenever he dined or supped abroad, he was sure to deduct for every such meal: at the time of his last illness, he had 50,000 Crowns in ready cash by him; and his supreme delight was to have his strong-box opened, and the bags taken out, that he might contemplate his treasure; in this manner were his bags about him, when he died; which gave occasion

sion to a certain accademician to say,  
 " There's our friend Chapelain just dead,  
 " like a miller among his bags."



HENRY DE VALOIS, born 1603,  
 died 1676.

\*\*\*\*\* HE library of Mr. de Valois  
 \* T \* not being large enough for his  
 \* \* \* curiosity, he was an universal  
 \* \* \* borrower, and used to say on  
 this head, That the lent books were those  
 by which he reaped the greatest benefit,  
 reading them with the greatest care, and  
 taking extracts out of them, lest they  
 might not fall into his hands again.

Mr. de Valois was naturally weak-  
 sighted ; but by his incessant attachment  
 to reading, at length lost his right eye,  
 and had but very little use of the  
 other : this brought him into a very try-  
 ing dilemma, either to lay aside his  
 studies, or employ a reader. Literary  
 acquisitions were too much his delight,  
 to think of foregoing them ; and as  
 little would his scanty circumstances  
 admit of the charge of a reader. This

me-



melancholy situation reaching the president de Memes's ears, he offered M. de Valois a pension of two thousand livres, for the use of his collections and remarks, things of which this learned person was not at all communicative; but the president's liberality determined him to draw his papers out of their concealment, as by tranquilising his mind, and enabling him to maintain an amanuensis, he should be in a capacity of augmenting.

ISAAC LE PEYRERE, died 1677.

PEYRERE reading one day the fifth chapter of St. Paul to the Romans, it came into his head, that from the 12th, 13th, and 14th verses, it was demonstrable, that there were men in the world, antecedently to Adam. From a fancy, this notion came to be a rivetted persuasion in him, which stuck to him till his death. He was for promoting the opinion, and when he attended the great Condé in Flanders, he published his *Preadamitæ*. The prince was

was induced by a jesuit his confessor, who loved every thing in Peyrere, his religion excepted, to get him clapped up in prison; and was made to believe, that his publishing such a heterodox book might be of very bad consequence, unless he warded the blow, by embracing Catholicism. The good man, on whom controversial points sat too easy, not to part with them to save himself, readily came into the expedient; and his master furnished him with travelling charges, to go to Rome for his absolution.

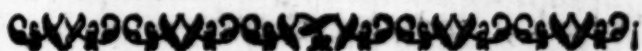
His book on the Preadamites being ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, Menage his friend desired him to send him a copy, before it was brought to light. Peyrere took the jest, and sent him one, with this verse of Ovid, changing *urbem* into *ignem*.

*Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber ibis in ignem,*

Peyrere's History of Greenland is very much esteemed; and being once asked how it came to pass, that there were so many convicted wizards and witches in the north? 'Tis, answered he, easily accounted for; a great part of the effects

of these poor pretended convicts are confiscated to their judges.

In Peyrere's last illness, a father of the oratory took him to task about his *Preadamitæ*, and insisted upon his recantation; but Peyrere seeming to turn the deaf-ear to his documents, the father began to fulminate anathemas against his favourite saint; which at last drew this reply from dying Peyrere, *These speak evil of those things which they know not.*



### JOHN DE LANNOI.



LANNOI, out of a sense that nature had not fitted him for preaching or singing, constantly declined accepting any benefit. When his friends were for putting him upon ambitious views, he used to answer, "A church would indeed suit me very well, but I should, by no means, suit a church." What a whimsical creature this was, to avoid ecclesiastical preferments, only because he was not qualified for them, when he might see many dignitaries who were  
might

scarce to be heard, and as many who who were scarce worth a hearing: an English divine, (Dr. South) facetiously complains, that many run their heads against a pulpir, who might have been more serviceable to their country at the plough-tail; and that many starve in Westminster-hall, who might have got a living at Westminster-stairs.

“ One day, says Menage, I acquainted Lannoi, that some of his writings had drawn all the Jacobins upon his back; and that their pens were at work against him.” To which he replied, with that smartness which he had at will: Menage, *I am more afraid of their pen-knives than their pens.* In this he is thought to have alluded to the attempt on the life of Henry IV. of France, by John Chatel, for which the order of Jesuits was banished France, but were too soon readmitted; and to his actual murder afterwards, by Ravillac a Jacobin.

One Mr. Billard having attacked Lannoi, he prefixed these words as a kind of text to his answer, *Jacobus Beliardus, non disponit sermones suos in judicio;* which was as splenetic, as that of Cardinal Richlieu to a man of learning, who had

had sent him a composition of his, was kind and genteel, *accepi, legi, probavi.*

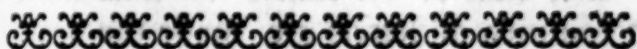
M. de Lannoi, from his strict enquiry into the merits of canonized saints, and his discovery of abuses, got the nick-name of the *Unnestler of saints*; so that Mr. Godefroi, historiographer of France, meeting him on new-years-day, embraced him with a great deal of civility; and after wishing him a happy new-year, "Pray, my good friend, what saints do you intend to unnestle this year;" Lannoi, though a little startled at this question, after so much ceremony, readily answered, Far be it from me to be wanting in reverence to those saints, whom God and their sanctity have placed in heaven; but no endeavours of mine shall be wanting to unnestle those, whom the ignorance and superstition, or knavery of the world have surreptitiously conveyed in there, without the approbation of God, or the learned. A great deal of this rubbish still remains, according to an ingenious Englishman, who, in a letter from Rome, mentions some original papers which he found in the Barbarine library, giving a pleasant account of a negotia-  
tion



tion between the Spaniards and Pope Urban VIII. in relation to saintship. The Spaniards, it seems, have a saint held in great reverence in some parts of Spain, called Viars; for the further encouragement of whose worship, they solicited the Pope to grant some special indulgences to his altars; and upon the Pope's desiring to be better acquainted first with his character, and the proofs which they had of his saintship, they produced a stone, with the antique letters, S. VIAR, which the antiquaries readily saw to be a small fragment of some old Roman inscription, in memory of one, who had been *Præfektus S. VIARum*, or, *overseer of the highways*. To this he adds, That in England they have still a more ridiculous instance of a fictitious saintship, in the case of a certain saint called *Amphibolus*, who, according to the monkish historians, was bishop of the Isle of Man, and fellow martyr and disciple of St. Albans; yet the learned bishop Usher, says he, has produced irrefragable reasons, to convince us, that he owes the honour of his saintship to a mistaken passage in the old acts or legends of St. Albans, where the

the *Amphibolus* mentioned, and since revered as a saint and martyr, was nothing more than the cloak which Alban happened to have at the time of his execution.

It cannot be expected, that a man of such abstractedness as Lannoi should accumulate money; accordingly he began his will in this manner, *I shall soon have done, being worth but little.*



MICHAEL DE MAROLLES, born  
1600, died 1681.

MAROLLES was extremely decried on account of his wretched translations, and brought himself into greater disrepute by his own verses: he would often declaim against the hardness and ignorance of the times, then say, in defiance of both, I have published by computation, one hundred and thirty-three thousand, one hundred and twenty-four verses: but he has made the publick ample amends by his memoirs, than which nothing can be more entertaining.

These

These memoirs he has dedicated to his relations, and all his *illustrious* friends; the postscript to the dedication is something singular. "I forgot to tell you that  
 " I would not advise any one of my  
 " relations or friends, to apply themselves to study, and especially to  
 " compose books as I have done, out of a notion to prefer themselves, and  
 " make their fortune; it is evident to me, that of all classes of mankind,  
 " the men of letters are made the least account of; I am sure they are the  
 " worst rewarded: and the few fortunate, few indeed! for I don't know  
 " above two or three in all, are no grounds to presume upon; methinks  
 " I am a sufficient landmark. Here's a shorter cut to opulence; here, gentlemen, is a sure road, without the fatigue of emaciating lucubrations;  
 " wheresoever you turn your eyes, you see instances of its infallibility:  
 " Be full of respect, and if you can, be serviceable to the leading men,  
 " pass over their denials, and even their insults, with a jest; push your point through any obstacles, assume a front  
 " of brass, and harden your heart to  
 " iron,

“ iron, avoid virtue in rags, put on a  
“ shew of devotion, though let that,  
“ truth, and every thing else attend to  
“ the signals of interest ; however, after  
“ all, let us not be betrayed to do evil,  
“ that good may come of it, &c.”

Among a thousand others, Marolles, in his memoirs has a pretty passage of a young nobleman of singular beauty, son to the duke of Nevers, who being one day at court with his hair buckled and powder'd, M. de Luines the prime minister, and absolute favourite to Lewis XIII. said to him, you have certainly some lady in your eye, for whom you thus curl and powder your hair ; to which the youth answered, *These curls are natural* ; at which Luines expressing some wonder, the king asked him if it was so ? *No, Sir, answered he* ; why then, interrupted Luines, *did you tell me so just now ?* *Why,* replied the lord, *because I always speak the truth to the king, and to you what I think fit.* What a happiness were it for kings, and consequently for kingdoms, if all courtiers spoke like this Adonis !

An ambassador from England (Sir Edward Herbert) behaved very nobly  
M to

to the haughty Luines. Sir Edward was instructed to mediate a peace for the protestants in France. DeLuines haughtily ask'd him, *what the king of England had to do in that affair?* The ambassador replied, *It is not to you to whom the king my master (James I.) owes an account of his actions, and for me, it is enough that I obey him; in the mean time I must maintain, that my master hath more reason to do what he doth, than you to ask me why he doth it? nevertheless, if you civilly desire me, I shall acquaint you further.* Upon this, de Luines bowing a little, said *Very well.* The ambassador answered, *that it was not on this occasion only, that the king of Great Britain had desired the peace and prosperity of France, but upon all other occasions, whenever any war was raised in that country; and this was his first reason; the second was, That because a peace being settled in his own dominions, the king of France might be better disposed, and able to assist the Palatinate in the present broils of Germany: de Luines said, we will have none of your advices; the ambassador replied, That he took that for an answer, and was ferry only, that the amicable interposition of his master,*



ster, was not duly understood; but that since it was so abruptly rejected, he could do no less than say, That the king his master knew well enough what to do; de Luines answered, we are not afraid of you; the ambassador, smiling a little, replied, If you had said, you had not loved us, I should have believed you, and given you another answer; in the mean time, all that I will tell you more is, That we know very well what we have to do. De Luines upon this, starting from his chair, said in a great ferment, By G--d, if you were not monsieur the ambassador, I know very well how I would use you. Sir Edward Herbert also rising from his chair, said, That as he was the King of Great Britain's ambassador, so he was also a gentleman, and that his sword, (on which he ceapt his haud) should give him satisfaction, if he was pleased to take any offence. After which de Luines making no reply, the ambassador went towards the door, and Luines seeming to accompany him, Sir Edward said, that after such language, there was no occasion to use such ceremony; and so departed; expecting to hear further from him. The ambassador had afterwards a gracious audience of the

king, after which a court-lord telling him, that having offended the constable de Luines, he was not in a place of safety, he gallantly answered, *That he thought himself to be in a place of safety, wheresoever he had his sword by him.* The vindictive de Luines procured his brother, with a train of officers, (of whom there was not one, as he told king James, but had killed his man) to go as ambassador extraordinary to England; who so misrepresented the affair, that Sir Edward was recalled, but upon his return, he cleared up the affair with honour, and fell on his knees to the king, requesting, that a trumpeter, if not a herald, might be sent to de Luines from him, with an accusation of falsity, and a challenge for satisfaction; but that prince being of a pacific disposition, made answer, That he would think upon it: however, de Luines dying soon after, Sir Edward was again sent ambassador to France.

Marolles seems to have been suspicious in the matter of reliëts, "In 1639,  
" says he, leaving la Chastre, I reached  
" Neufri early enough to be at high  
" mass in the Collegiate church; the  
" prior,

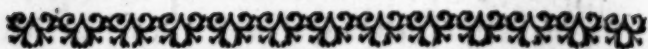
“ prior, who was my acquaintance, received me with a great deal of courtesy ; and observing me to fix my eyes on an extraordinary kind of chapel in his church,” That, says he, is the holy place, the venerable repository of the precious relique of the divine blood of Jesus, to the honour of which, this chapel was dedicated ; and, on this very day, being St. Magdalen, we are allowed to shew it to the people ; so that if I was desirous, he and his brethren would gratify me with a sight of it, but that I should be amazed to see the blood still liquid and red, in the glass reliquary, first separate itself into three drops, and then reunite like three drops of water, or any other liquor ; I answered, “ That was very wonderful, and, that I should be glad of an ocular conviction.” Well, the whole fraternity immediately put on their official habits, the tapers were lighted, and the censors began to smoke ; then they proceeded to open this dark chapel, out of which was taken a kind of tabernacle, and out of the tabernacle a silver box, and out of the box a glass reliquary, supported by two angels of silver gilt ; the

prior held it near my eyes, in a full light, and I was not wanting to take an exact and attentive view of it; having put it up again, he was greatly disappointed, to see me silent and unconcerned; and as he was for knowing my thoughts of it, I roundly told him, that what he had said might be true, but that what I had seen was nothing like it, being something hard, and of a dark brown colour; and instead of three equal drops, four rough dissimilar beads. He and all the people stared at me; and to confute my blindness, it was resolved, (and nothing but a case of this importance could justify such presumption) to take it out again, and let me handle it. I then took a longer view of it, and ventured even before the people, to point out to the canons the truth of my first inspection, which I also confirmed, from the opinion of many luminaries of the church, that *all the scattered blood of Jesus Christ returned into his Body at the resurrection thereof*; however, the discovery was hushed, and the relic remains.

Of all the Abbé Marolles's critics, none exposed him in a more sensible manner, than Mr. L'Etang, who in his rules for  
*translating*

*translating well*, took all his specimens of bad translations from those of the Abbé. He was very loud in his complaints of such usage, and seemed to lay it to heart; upon which Mr. L'Etang had the good nature to take an opportunity, when the Abbé was just going to kneel at the Sacrament on Easter-day, and publicly said to him, "Sir, you are  
"angry with me, I own I have given  
"you too much reason; but this is a  
"season of mercy, and I ask you par-  
"don." The Abbé replied, Upon my word, this is taking your time well, be it so, I forgive you; but meeting Mr. L'Etang some days after, What, says he, you think all well, because you tricked a pardon from me; "Sir, Sir, replied  
"L'Etang, don't take so much upon  
"you; he who stands in need of a gene-  
"ral, should not be backward to grant  
"a particular pardon.





OLIVER PATRU, born 1604,  
died 1681.

U P O N his admission as a member of the royal academy, in 1640, Patru made a most elegant speech of thanks, which appeared so decent, that a rule was made, whereby all the future members were formally to return the academy thanks, upon taking their places; Patru was the original of this custom, which has been ever since continued, with only two exceptions, which were Mr. Colbert and Mr. d'Argenson.

If Patru had an extraordinary perspicuity; he was also a very difficult and rigid censor; the correct Boileau himself thought him such; for whenever Racine was beginning his fine-spun criticisms on any piece of his, the satirist, instead of the latin phrase, *Ne sis patruus mihi*, would say, *Ne sis Patru mihi*; here lay all his austerity, being of such a milky disposition, that he has been seen to shed tears at a miserable object; nor  
could

could his own wants discompose his serenity, or suppress his exuberant benevolence.

Patru had his reputation so much at heart, that none of his compositions were made public, till after many retouches; but this had a very bad effect on his circumstances; for being once in extreme necessity, which was aggravated by the pursuit of some impatient creditors, he had no resource left, but to dispose of his books. Boileau being informed of his indigence, and that he was upon selling his library at a low rate, immediately went and offered him a third more; but when he had laid down the money, he said, there must be one article in the purchase, which was, That the library should remain in Patru's hands, and that Boileau should have the reversion of it. This set Patru again upon his legs, and such an act of generosity almost obliterates Boileau's mercenary adulation, which he sometimes carried to a ridiculous, but in the following lines, to an impious excess; they are, in his poem to Lewis XIV. on the passage of the Rhine in 1672.

*Mais Louis d'un regard sçait tout renverser,  
Le destin à ces gens n'oseroit balancer.*

But, one look from Lewis decides the day,  
When he commands, fate dares not dis-  
[obey.

A very singular affair happened at this passage, a nobleman was advancing into the river, under the king's eye, with an ardour which commanded distinction, when another rode up to him, and drawing his pistol, said, "For such a fellow  
" as you, over head and ears in debt,  
" to die in the presence of your sove-  
" reign, is too great an honour, pay  
" me my thousand pistoles, and then  
" venture and be damned." The king interposing, said to the claimant, *Really, my Lord, You make your demands at a very improper time;* but this insult so dashed the debtor, that it would have had a bad effect on his behaviour, had not the king animated him with some kind expressions.

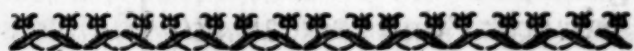
Upon the death of M. Conrart, who may be accounted the founder of the Royal Academy, a nobleman in a very eminent employment, and in great re-  
gard.

gard at court, but the culture of whose mind had been the least of his cares, offered himself as a candidate for the vacancy. To admit him was an infringement of their statutes, and to reject such a person, was not without inconveniences. On this perplexing occasion, Patru opened the meeting with an apology; "Gentlemen, said he, a Greek  
" in ancient times had an exquisite lyre,  
" and one of the strings happening to  
" break, instead of supplying it with  
" one of gut, he took it into his head,  
" that one of silver would look very  
" pretty; but with all its prettyness,  
" this silver string spoilt the melody of  
" his instrument." Such a firmness was not the way to mend Patru's circumstances.


Bossuet, the celebrated bishop of Meaux, paying a visit to Patru on his death-bed, began with this exhortation,  
" You have hitherto, Sir, been ranked  
" among the libertines; and as you was  
" a man of genius, they made their boast,  
" that you was their own: let me conjure you, Sir, to mortify them, and  
" undeceive the people by a profession  
" of religion, and by divine discour-

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“ ses.” Patru replied, I had better not say a word of the matter, for all the piety which comes from us, in these last moments, is dictated either by pusillanimity or ostentation; but the persuasive eloquence of that prelate brought Patru to receive the sacrament, and depart as a Christian.



FRANCIS EUDES DE MEZERAÏ,  
born 1610, died 1683.

EZERAÏ would not be dictated by his superiors, as Cambden is said to have been by king James I. At length his repeated bold strokes in his history, lost him a pension of four thousand livres which the court had assigned him for that work. Mezeraï instantly laid it aside; and that the motives of the discontinuance might not be unknown, he put the last payment he received as historiographer in a drawer, with this memorandum of his own writing. *This is the last money I am to receive of the king, he has given over*



*over paying me, and I speaking of him, either good or evil.*

In all Mezerai's works, there breaks out a most violent hatred against the public farmers. It was a common saying with him, That he kept by him two golden crowns of Lewis XII, who was called the father of his people; one of them was to pay for a commodious seat at the execution of any of that crew, and the other for a chearful glass at the sight of their punishment. He also took it into his head, when he was about the Academy's Dictionary, to add to the word "*Accountable, every one who is accountable is pendable.*" But this boisterous phrase the Academicians ordered him to expunge, which he was so loth to do, that he writ in the margin, "*Struck out, though true.*" This class seems to have been held in no less abomination by Mezerai, than the Huguenots were by the inhabitants of Tholouse; of which the history of that city gives this singular instance. Lewis XIV. being made sensible, that the violent persecutions of the Reformed was an infinite prejudice to the kingdom, he ordered the procedures to be relaxed; upon which the Tholou-  
fans.

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fans sent a deputation to court, to remonstrate against any kind of toleration of that infernal brood, with which their city still swarmed; they had withal, particular instructions, that if the king would not revoke his indulgence, to petition him, as they were authorised, in the name of the magistrates and citizens of Tholouse, That they might be allowed to dispose of their possessions and effects, and transplant themselves elsewhere; which emigration, with all its inconveniencies and losses, was to them far more eligible, than to remain in a city which was more particularly the seat of Satan. The king refused the former article, and advised them against the latter.

Having mentioned the persecution of the Huguenots, I cannot forbear bestowing a few lines upon that memorable transaction. It was originally owing to the false boast of M. de Baille, Intendant of Languedoc, that he had extirpated Calvinism out of his province, though there remained about 80,000 of that profession. The king was naturally led to believe, that the same was practicable throughout the whole kingdom. M. de Gourville, whom Charles II.

of

of England used to call the *Wise Frenchman*, was of opinion, to secure at once all the ministers of the protestant churches. One half of them, said he, will renounce, and these must be sent again among their flocks; the pertinacious being confined, can do no harm. Thus the Huguenots being deprived of all their Pastors, will, in a few years, become incorporated into the Roman church. M. Colbert opposed any open violence, or compulsive methods against the Huguenots, as they were the supporters of the manufactures. But after his death, in 1683, the edict of Nant<sup>7</sup> was repealed, the ministers were banished; and notwithstanding all precautions, above 80,000 men left the kingdom, carrying with them, by a moderate computation, not less than ten millions of livres. Holland, England, and Germany, received these emigrants with open arms. William III. had three intire regiments of French Protestants; there are not less than 10,000 refugees at Berlin; and it is their industry which has improved it, from a mean wild place, to a magnificent and flourishing city; they have even

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even built an elegant town so far off as the Cape of Good Hope.

Mezerai was so negligent of his dress, that he looked more like a beggar than what he really was; and one morning he was actually laid hold of, by the parish-officers as a vagrant. Nothing could please him better than such a mistake, being very fond of out-of-the-way adventures. Gentlemen, said he, my weak state of health will not allow me to keep pace with you; but, as soon as a new wheel is put on to my coach, we'll all go together in it, where-ever you shall direct.

Mezerai had a brother called Father Eudes, a person of apostolic piety. He insidiously drew in this good man, to descend upon the most critical state mysteries, in a sermon which he was to preach before the queen regent, who was of the Medicis family; and that he might enjoy the full pleasure of his malignity, he stood sculking in a corner of the church during the sermon, laughing at the folly and temerity of his brother, who fulminated out God's severest judgments, and the torments of hell, against all insatiable transalpine blood-suckers, and

as if that was not enough, he went up to him, after service, and reproached him as a soothing court-preacher, who was afraid to speak home.

One of Mezerai's whims, (and seemingly a very odd one) was never to write but by candle-light, even in broad day at midsummer; and if any came to visit him, in these his composing seasons, his custom was, to wait on them to the street-door, as if it were actually dark: here a document arises for the tenderest reserve in censuring others; for as odd as day-light lucubrations may seem, Mezerai said, That he had his reasons for so doing.

But of all Mezerai's freaks, that which lessened him most in the public eye, was his extreme fondness for one le Faucheur, who kept a tavern in a village near Paris, where his friends happened one day to carry him. He was so taken with the man's frankness and pleasantry, that he frequently spent whole days at his house, notwithstanding all the admonitions of his friends to the contrary, and made him his sole legatee of every thing, except his patrimonial estate, which was no great matter; and this he had the discretion to leave to his family. Meze-



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Mezerai had all-along affected a Pyrrhonism in religion ; which, however, had never taken root in his heart ; or, if it had, the approach of death frightened it away, since, in his last illness, he sent for several, with whom he had given his tongue the most licentious scope on the score of religion ; and before them, with a very striking seriousness, made a recantation, earnestly recommending to them, to forget whatever he had said to the contrary, amidst the levities of the table ; and to remember, that Mezerai dying, was more to be believed, than Mezerai in health.

Cardinal Mazarine having read, in the life of Lewis XI, that this prince was a bad son, a bad father, a bad friend, and a bad husband, said to the historian, " M. Mezerai, you use " one of our Monarchs, Lewis XI. very " ill." My Lord, answered he, as a writer, I am the interpreter of truth.

Father Petau was consulted as an oracle in all points of erudition, and Mezerai once asking him what he thought in general of the new history of France, he bluntly answered, That he had discovered a thousand faults in it, Mezerai not the

the least disturbed at such a rebuff, answered with a laugh, you are very indulgent, for I make them above two thousand; whatever the author might mean, the judicious among posterity, will think we were at a great loss for histories, to admire one so defective in truth and stile as Mezerai's.

An English poet (Prior) however had a better opinion of it, and thus humourously addresses Mezerai.

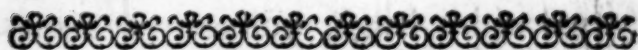
*What'er thy country-men have done  
By law and wit, by sword and gun,*

*In thee is faithfully recited;  
And all the living world that view  
Thy work, give thee the praises due,  
At once instructed and delighted.*

*Yet for the fame of all these deeds,  
What soldier in the invalids,*

*With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,  
Wish'd ever hastily to die,  
To have been either Mezerai,  
Or any Monarch he has written.*

PETER



PETER CORNEILLE, born 1606,  
died 1684.



IT is astonishing, that the French Theatre should have remained so wretchedly bad, (as the accounts of authors and its own printed productions shew it) till the time of Peter Corneille ; he it was who first reformed the French Tragedy ; he may be duly stiled the father of the French stage ; nay, the very inventor of French tragedy, because, his tragedies, those of his brother, those of Racine, and all succeeding poets, resemble neither the Greek, Latin, Italian, nor the old French tragedy ; but to soften the severity of tragedy, and gain it the liking of their young king (Lewis XIV) and his gallant court, love was made to bear the sway on the stage. A very blameable proceeding, according to M. de Fenelon, who says, That tragedy may receive a wonderful force, would the poet's rejecting that giddy romantic love, which makes such a havoc in their plays, adhere

here solely to the true philosophic ideas of antiquity. He also censures Corneille and Racine, for debasing their genius [to custom, and yielding to the vitiated taste of the times, of which fault, he gives the following instance from Corneille.

*Unrelenting thirst of glory,  
Whose transporting joys I breathe,  
That my name may live in story,  
Bids me give my self to death ;  
Yet thy commanding rage controul  
Before eternal death I prove ;  
To death, e'er I bequeath my soul,  
Let me bequeath a sigh to love.*

Here was a man, who must use points and witticisms to express his resolution to die ; faults of this kind are ironically ridicul'd by an English wit, (Duke of Buckingham.)

*But to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,  
From lovers in despair, fine things to force,  
Must needs succeed, for who can chuse but pity  
A desp'rate Hero, whose last words are witty.*

Which passages, as above, were only compliances with the fashion, for Corneille's merit was so distinguished, that he had a particular seat at the theatre ;  
and

and when he honoured it with his presence, the whole audience rose up, and saluted him with a general clap: these honorary disturbances are productive of emulation, and as such, have a toleration, which, it seems, is denied to the insults of derision or resentment, there being an edict of Lewis XIV, who had the decorum and improvement of the stage much at heart, that whosoever should hiss, throw aples, or stones, or commit any outrage at the theatre, should suffer a year and a day's imprisonment.

Corneille, at first, pleaded at the bar, but with little inclination, and consequently with little success; his true talent was disclosed by a trifling accident; an acquaintance of his would carry him to see his mistress, that he might applaud his taste in women; but it happened, that the young lady made no difficulty to shew that she liked the visitant better than the introducer: Corneille's vanity was so tickled with this preference, that he composed a very sprightly comedy on it, and gave proofs of a genius, which till then had laid neglected and unnoticed.



Corneille's marriage was brought about something oddly ; the cardinal de Richlieu observing him to be more serious than usual, asked him if his mind was always running upon poetry ; to which he answered, That his mind was far from being in a composing situation, that love had drove the muses quite out of it. The cardinal insisting upon further particulars, Corneille declared, That he was passionately in love with a daughter of lieutenant general d'Andely, but could not obtain his consent. The cardinal sent a message to this difficult father, to attend him at Paris: he hastened thither, full of misgivings at such a short and unexpected order, but returned as full of joy, that it ended in marrying his daughter to a man of such interest as he boasted.

Corneille was a noted instance of what St. Evremont says, That nothing is harder than to read well ; he having never known but three persons who were proper readers, for Corneille made sad work of his fine verses, when he came to read them ; as one day, taxing Bois-Robert with having spoke slightly of his plays on the stage ; “ How the devil can that be,  
replied

“replied Bois-Robert, when I said they  
 “were admirable, after hearing you  
 “murder them.” Corneille was also  
 very heavy in conversation, scarce a word  
 coming from him, even when he was  
 master of the topic ; but when any one  
 censured him, for not putting himself  
 forward in company ; his answer was,  
 “I am still Peter Corneille ;” an an-  
 swer vain enough ; yet in print he  
 talks unequally of himself. He says of his  
*Medea*, What is my own comes so far  
 short of what I have translated from Se-  
 neca, that there is no need of placing the  
 text in the margin, to distinguish them.  
 His Epistle Dedicatory of *The Waiting-*  
*woman* has the following lines.

*Another's fame I see with placid eyes,  
 Nor seek his fall, tho' emulous to rise;  
 For glory's treasure no demands can drain,  
 The more she gives, the more there's still to*  
*[gain.*

Never had any dramatic piece a success  
 equal to the *Cid*. “I remember, says  
 “M. Fontenelle, a military man, and a  
 “mathematician, who were utter strangers  
 “to all the plays in the world, except the  
*“Cid,*

*Cid*, the *Cid* had made its way through all their barbarism : Corneille had translations of it in all the several languages of Europe; besides the Slavonian and Turkish : children were taught it, and *It is as fine as the Cid*, became a proverbial expression. Cardinal Richlieu was for being reputed the author of this piece, but Corneille preferring reputation to money, would not give it up; which so provoked that minister, who was not used to denials, that he hired some critics to censure it; and not content with private censure, was for having it exploded, and condemned, by the decision of a tribunal authentically impowered to sit on such causes. It was a constant maxim of this Cardinal, never to forgive. Three noblemen, his enemies, held a close consultation to work his disgrace; one of them was for banishing him to Rome, a second was for confining him to the Bastile during life, and the third, who was the duke of Montmorency, insisted there could be no safety but in bringing him to the scaffold. Their design, and their several opinions in the execution of it transpired, and reached the cardinal's ears, who, by a

N

dex-

dextrous use of his influence, retaliated the same punishment on each of them, which had been projected against him.

Never was any ambition, says Mr. Fontenelle, like that of this great man: The glory of ruling France almost absolutely, of reducing the formidable house of Austria, of directing the motions of all Europe was not enough; he was for adding to it that of writing plays. The appearance of the *Cid* gave him as much uneasiness, as if the Spaniards had been at the gates of Paris: He stimulated the keenest writers against it, which was no difficult matter for him, and put himself openly at their head. Scudery published his remarks on the *Cid* inscribed to the academy; which the cardinal, its founder, also strongly solicited to declare against this galling piece, but previously to the academy's decision, its statutes required the assent of the other party. It was only fear of offending the cardinal, which drew a kind of compliance from Corneille; and this was attended with sufficient haughtiness; but who would absolutely break with such a minister and he his benefactor? for he rewarded as a minister that genius which

which he maligned as a poet; and it seems, as if this great soul could not be susceptible of any weakneſſes, without making at the ſame time a noble compensation for them. The academy publiſhed its ſentiments on the *Cid*, and in a manner equal to its growing reputation, attending to the cardinal's ſanguine animosity againſt, and the public's idolizing eſteem for, the *Cid*. The exact diſplay of all the faults in the piece gratified the cardinal; and the public were no leſs pleaſed with the mildneſs of the criticiſms, and the praiſes with which they were interſperſed.

The impreſſion made on Lewis XIV. in the tragedy of *Cinna*, is the moſt honourable eulogium. The Chevalier de Rohan's conſpiracy againſt the ſtate, and the king's determined reſuſal of a pardon, are univerſally known. On the evening preceeding the execution, that great prince was to ſee *Cinna*; at which his emotions were ſuch, that he frequently owned, that if the leaſt word had been ſpoken for the chevalier, atrocious as his guilt was, he could not have ſtood out againſt any thing. This admirable tragedy Corneille deſigned to



dedicate to cardinal Mazarine; but, upon an intimation, that no present was to be expected from him, he pitched upon the right man; for M. de Montorran returned the compliment, with a present of a thousand pistoles: This liberality gave the appellation of Montorran dedications to such as were richly paid. The above impression was much happier, than that on a lady at the representation of *Roxana*, a Latin tragedy, written by Alabaster, an English divine, and chaplain to the brave unfortunate Earl of Essex; the last words of which, *Sequar, Sequar*, were uttered with such an agony, that she was seized with an incurable distraction.

Corneille is almost the only one of our poets, to whom the English are pleased to do justice; Moliere, la Fontaine, Racine, Boileau, and Rousseau, with them are rather great writers, than great poets; they will have it, that Corneille alone speaks the genuine divine language; "My country-men, says a lord, are as bungling in politics, as the French in poetry." We again take the liberty to retort to the English the words of Petronius,  
" You

“ You speak more like poets than like men, *Plus poetice quam humane locutus es*; and we say of theirs in particular, what the duke of Buckingham says of poets in general,

*For one inspired, ten are, we see, possessed.*

Corneille was so affected with the miscarriage of his *Pertbarite*, that for six successive years, nothing of his was published, but a translation in verse of the *Imitation of Christ*, which met with prodigious success, and made him, in all respects, amends for his sequestration from dramatic poetry. Yet, says Mr. Fontenelle, “ If I may be indulged a  
“ liberty, which perhaps I ought not to  
“ take, the most insinuating beauty of  
“ the *Imitation* is wanting to me in  
“ the translation; I mean, its artlessness  
“ and simplicity; it is lost in the pomp  
“ of verse, which was natural to Mr.  
“ Corneille; and I am apt to think,  
“ that any rhetoric or poetry are a disadvantage to it.” This book, the  
“ finest ever writ by a human hand, the  
“ gospel being of a superior origin, would  
“ not reach and penetrate the heart so  
N 3 “ strongly,

“ strongly, without that natural and tender address, to which even a negligence of stile greatly contributes.”

Mr. Corneille gives this account of himself, in a letter to Mr. Pellifson,

*En matiere d'amour je suis fort inégal,  
 J'en écris assez bien & le fais assez mal,  
 J'ai la plume féconde, & la bouche stérile;  
 Bon galant au theatre, & fort mauvais en ville,  
 Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui,  
 Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.*

“ **T**HIS Sir, is a little sketch of myself, drawn about twenty years service; and now I am very little improved: however, the good superintendant will, by all means, have these verses; and I am not sorry, that he has such a proof, that the conceitedness for which we poets are noted, has never totally infatuated me; and I have always had sense enough to see my own faults, so that I readily obey his directions; and it being his pleasure, that I should trouble him once more, I beg you will lay out for a favourable moment, to take my leave of him. His open affability to me last funday, gives me hopes, that he will not think it below him, to take some care of me;

me; it will infallibly be so, if you will take upon you to remind him of me; and this I ought to expect, from the generous friendship with which you honour me. I am intirely yours."

To this must be added, that he was equally incapable of, and averse to business; any thing which looked that way put him in a flutter; the court was a wilderness to him, his manners and merit were quite exotic there, having neither flexibility nor artifice. The price of his plays he always left to the house; and though he was not expensive, he died worth little more than the two hundred pistoles which Lewis XIV. sent him, upon his being informed, that the illustrious tragedian lay sick, and wanted. He had preserved a devotion and piety, which a diffused commerce with the world, is often seen to extinguish, being so scrupulous, that many times he was inclined to give over writing for the stage, had not several eminent casuists authorized him in it, whose approbation was owing to the purity and virtue which reign in his compositions. The sincerity of his piety appears, in the preface of his trans-

lation of St. Bonaventure's Latin hymn to the Virgin.

If this essay is favourably received, I shall from time to time publish others of the same kind, there being the strongest obligation to devote at least some of our talents to the glory of the giver: but no originals are to be expected from me, Unacquainted with divinity and devotion, I dare not speak of them from myself; they are such strange roads to me, that I cannot trust myself in them without sure guides; and I am covered with confusion when I see my mind so exuberant in worldly matters, and so barren in the things of God. Possibly he intends this for my greater abasement, and a check to that vanity with which the successful writer is apt to be bloated. Till he is pleased to attract me more sensibly by clearer illuminations, let me own my weakness, and declare to the world, that I shall never presume to talk of divine things, but in translations and paraphrases from those blessed persons whose teachings have been more enlarged than mine.

The



The original hymn begins with this pompous address :

*Ave cæleste lilium,  
Ave rosa speciosa,  
Ave mater humilium,  
Superis imperiosa :  
Deitatis triclinium,  
In hac valle lacrymarum  
Da robur, fer auxilium,  
O excusatrix culparum.*

How Corneille stood in the opinion of other nations, appears from the following letter to him from the polite M. St. Evremont.

S I R,

**Y**OU would certainly be the most grateful man alive for any favour since you account yourself so highly obliged for a plain piece of justice. If you are for thanking all who join in my opinion of your works, you must thank all who are judges of them. The English, who are not wanting in fondness for what is English, and often deservedly, depart from that opinion, and think, that to call their Ben Johnson the Cor-

neille of England, is doing him no small honour. This Ben Johnson flourished under Elizabeth, James and Charles I. was well acquainted with the antients, and first brought the English theatre to any form and regularity. His tragedy and comedies are still in good esteem; and I profess myself a passionate admirer of a play of his called *The Silent Woman*: Mr. Waller, one of the most brilliant geniuses of the age, is always looking out for any new piece of yours. Charles Sackville earl of Dorset, and he, have near finished a translation of your Pompey. It is you who have brought him to own that there may be good speaking and writing in France. He says you are the only man among the French whose thoughts are worth a rush; besides, there's Vossius, that warm stickler for the Grecians, who is out of patience at any parallel betwixt the Latin and Greek: he sets you above Sophocles and Euripides.

The following extract of M. Voltaire's speech to the academy is a tribute due to the honour of M. Corneille.

“ When I assert, gentlemen, that it  
“ is

“ is the great poets who have fixed the  
 “ genius of languages, I advance no-  
 “ thing but what is known to you.  
 “ The Greeks wrote no history till  
 “ 400 years after Homer. Among  
 “ the Romans, Terence was the first  
 “ who spoke with an elegant purity.  
 “ It was Petrarque who, after Dante,  
 “ gave the Italian language that grace  
 “ and delightfulness which it has hitherto  
 “ preserved.—It is to Lopes de Veza  
 “ that the Spanish owes its nobleness  
 “ and pomp.—It was Shakespear who,  
 “ as much a Barbarian as he was, en-  
 “ grafted in the English that force and  
 “ that energy they have never since been  
 “ able to improve ; for any over-strain-  
 “ ing weakens it. — Will you not  
 “ also agree with me, gentlemen, when  
 “ I say, that the true merit and reputa-  
 “ tion of our language began with the  
 “ author of *Cinna* and the *Cid*.

“ Before him *Montaigne* was the on-  
 “ ly book that drew the attention of  
 “ the few foreigners who understood  
 “ French ; but *Montaigne*’s stile is nei-  
 “ ther so pure, correct, clear, or noble.  
 “ No ; he is emphatical and familiar,  
 “ and treats great subjects in a plain

“ manner: it is his simplicity that  
 “ pleases; people love the humour of  
 “ the author; they are pleased with  
 “ finding themselves in what he says of  
 “ himself. I have often heard Mon-  
 “ taigne’s language regretted: it is his  
 “ imagination which ought to be re-  
 “ gretted. His imagination was strong  
 “ and bold, but his language was far  
 “ from being so.

“ Marot, from whom Montaigne  
 “ learned his manner of expressing him-  
 “ self, was scarcely ever known but in  
 “ his own country. Among ourselves  
 “ he has been well received, because of  
 “ some tales naturally told, and some  
 “ licentious epigrams; but this low kind  
 “ of merit has for a long time debased  
 “ our language. In this stile we wrote  
 “ tragedies, poems, histories, and even  
 “ books of morality.

“ Our language after him continued  
 “ to be nothing but a familiar jargon,  
 “ in which we sometimes expressed a  
 “ happy joke with success.

---

——— at length Malherbe appears :  
*Verse, with just cadence, first in France he grac’d,  
 And taught the energy of words well plac’d.*

“ If Malherbe was the first that  
 “ shewed the power of that great art of  
 “ putting our words in their proper  
 “ place, he was then the first who was  
 “ elegant.—But were a few harmo-  
 “ nious stanza’s sufficient for engaging  
 “ foreigners to study our language?

“ The French language would there-  
 “ fore have for ever remained in its me-  
 “ diocrity, but for one of those geniuses  
 “ born to change and elevate the mind  
 “ of a whole nation—This we owe to the  
 “ greatest among those who were the  
 “ first members of your society.—It  
 “ was Corneille alone who began to make  
 “ our language regarded by foreigners, at  
 “ the same time that cardinal Richlieu  
 “ began to make the crown respected.  
 “ Both the one and the other spread  
 “ our glory throughout Europe”.

The following dialogue was extremely  
 liked by all but the insensible, and shews  
 M. Corneille was a master of the soft,  
 no less than the sublime.

Tirfis. *Caliste, mon plus cher souci,  
 Prends pitié de l'ardeur qui me devore l'ame.*

Caliste. *Tirfis, ne vois tu pas aussi  
 Que mon cœur embrasé brûle de même flamme?*

Tir. *Je n'ose l'espérer.*

Cal,



Cal. Tu t'en peux assurer.

Tir. Mais mon peu de mérite.

Defend un si hant point à ma presumption.

Cal. Mais cette récompense est beaucoup trop petite.  
Pour tant d'affection.

Tir. Je croirai puisque tu le veux,

Que maintenant mon mal aucunement te touche.

Cal. La mort seule éteindra mes feux,

Et j'en ai plus au cœur mille fois, qu'en la bouche.

Tir. Je n'ose l'espérer.

Cal. Tu t'en peux assurer.

Tir. Hélas ! que ton courage.

M'apprete de rigueurs à souffrir sous ta loi ?

Cal. Ce que j'ai de rigueur s'en réserve l'usage

Pour tout autre que toi.

Tir. Si quelqu'un plus riche ou plus beau,

Et mieux fourni d'appas à te servir se range ?

Cal. J'élirais plutôt le tombeau,

Que marolage humeur se disposât au change.

Tir. Je n'ose l'espérer.

Cal. Tu t'en peux assurer.

Tir. Mais pourrais tu, ma belle,

Dedaigner un amant qui vaudroit mieux que moi.

Cal. Pourrais je préférer à ton amour fidèle.

Une incertaine foi.

Tir. Si la rigueur de tes parens

A quelqu'autre parti plus fortable t'engage.

Cal. Les saints devoirs que je leur rends

Jamais dessus ma foi n'auront cet avantage.

Tir. Je n'ose l'espérer.

Cal. Tu t'en peux assurer.

Tir. Quoi parens ni richesses,

Ni grandeurs ne pourront ébranler les esprits ?


Cal. Tout cela mis auprès de tes chastes caresses

Perd son lustre et son prix.

CLAUDE



CLAUDE EMANUEL LULLIER,  
surnamed CHAPELLE, born  
1621, died 1686.


 Hapelle, Moliere's intimate, was  
 one of the pleasantest, but with-  
 al one of the most voluptuous  
 men of the times. Being one  
 day at dinner with a friend, a nobleman  
 came in from court, and abruptly sets  
 himself down by Chapelle, who found  
 himself crouded by this approximation.  
 After pouring forth a flood of court-news,  
 There are some rascally rhymers, adds the  
 lord, who have the effrontry to make  
 songs upon persons of rank; but if I  
 knew them, I would cane them so,  
 that they should never endure the name  
 of a song; by the mass would I. Cha-  
 pelle, out of patience at such discourse,  
 and being crouded, starts up, and turn-  
 ing his back, said, There strike, and  
 begone. This nobleman was stunned  
 at this saley of Chapelle, yet could  
 not

not but be pleased with it, and gave him elbow room ; after which the entertainment was continued with a general good humour and festivity.

Boileau having a value for Chapelle, and meeting him one day, told him, That his inordinate love of the bottle was of infinite prejudice to him ; and this with such a friendly air, that Chapelle seemed seriously affected, and promised, to lay his advice to heart ; but unluckily they had met just by a tavern ; Come, says Chapelle standing does not agree with either of us, so let us go in to this tavern ; there you may commodiously go through with the point, and I shall be a very docile hearer. Boileau, eager to compleat Chapelle's conversion, leads the way ; but the issue little corresponded with the design ; for preacher and hearer fuddled themselves so, that they were sent home in separate coaches.

Chapelle had taken a great inclination to Mademoiselle Chouars, who, besides her wit and learning, was never without excellent wine, which was a powerful attractive for him ; and he used frequently  
to

to sup with her. Her chamber-maid once coming in, to take away, found her mistress all in tears and Chapelle in a deep melancholy; she seeming amazed, Chapelle told her, that they were lamenting the death of Pindar the sublime poet, whom the blundering physicians had killed by improper medicaments. I'll repeat you some of his verses.

*Hear, O ye graces, and regard my pray'r,  
All that's sweet and pleasing here,  
Mortals from your hands receive :  
Splendor ye, and fame confer,  
Genius, wit, and beauty give.  
Nor without your shining train,  
Ever on th' ætherial plain,  
In harmonious measures move  
Th' celestial choirs above,  
When the figur'd dance they lead,  
Or the nectar'd banquet spread.  
But with thrones immortal grac'd,  
And by Pythian Phœbus plac'd,  
Ord'ring thro' th' blest abodes,  
All the splendid works of gods,  
Set the sisters in a ring,  
Round the golden-shafted king :*

*And*

*And with reverential love,  
 Worshipping th' Olympian throne,  
 The majestic brow of Jove,  
 With unfading honours crown.*

Who must not grieve, added Chapelle, that this melodious poet should fall a victim to ignorance. These verses drew a fresh flood of tears from the lady, and the sympathising Abigail fell a crying also at what she did not understand.

This lamentation over Pindar, so celebrated for his *Olympia*, puts me in mind of an incident at those games, in which the love of glory, on the one hand, triumphed over the fear of death, and on the other yielded to pain: Arrachion was an eminent *pancratiast*, i. e. boxer and wrestler, who in the former *Olympiads* had already gained two crowns, and was now to encounter with the last of his antagonists for the third: but he having, perhaps, observed by his former combats, in what the superiority of Arrachion consisted, in order to elude it rushed in at once, and twining his feet about him, seized him at the same time by the throat, which he griped with both his hands.

Arrachion



Arrachion having no other means of disengaging himself, or annoying his enemy, who was thus got within him, and had almost strangled him to death, broke one of his toes, through the unsufferable pain of which, the other resigned the victory, at the very instant that Arrachion gave up the ghost. Arrachion, though dead, was proclaimed conqueror, and the crown of olive set on his head.

The duke de Brissac going to spend some time at his seat, prevailed upon Chapelle to give him his company. On the fourth day, about noon, reaching Angiers, where they were to rest that day, Chapelle went and paid a visit to an Epicurean Prebendary. The next day when the coach was ready, Chapelle told the duke that he could not attend him, for that opening an old Plutarch which lay upon his friend's table, the passage his eye fell upon was, Whoever attends the great, forfeits his freedom; and tho' the duke condescendingly told him, that he considered him only as his friend, and that he should have the ruling of every thing at his house; all he could get from him was, that Plutarch had said

said so, and that it was not his fault, but back to Paris he would go; upon which, at parting, the duke said, Ye wits either abound in pride or want common sense.

Chapelle returning from a visit to Moliere, with whom, according to custom, he had indulged his genius, had a squabble with his man Godemer, who had lived with him above thirty years, and whom he had always allowed to sit in the fore-seat of his coach; but a whim took Chapelle to degrade him, and make him get up behind. Godemer having a long experience of his master's drunken freaks, did not make any motion to obey this disgraceful order; Chapelle flies in a passion, Godemer laughs at him; upon which a scuffle ensues in the coach, and down jumps the coachman to part them. Moliere, who saw the whole affair from his window, imagining Chapelle's servants had some ill design against him, hastens to the coach. Oh! are you there, Moliere, cries Chapelle, be judge now, if I am in the wrong; this scoundrel Godemer has forced himself into my coach, as if a skipkennel was to rank with me.

Your

Your brains are gone a wool-gathering, answered Godemer, the gentleman knows that the fore seat of your coach has belonged to me above these thirty years, and why must I now be outed undeservedly. You are an impertinent fellow, hold your saucy tongue, replied Chapelle; if I was pleased to allow part of my coach, it shall be no more so; I am master, and you shall either mount behind or trudge it. Where's the fair dealing of that, interrupted Godemer, to make me foot it in my old age, after all my long and faithful services; my youth could have born with it, but now my legs fail me; in one word as well as a thousand, you have used me to the coach, I can't do without it; the very shame of being behind would be a death-stroke to me. Come Moliere, said Chapelle, we'll both abide by your decision. Well, said Moliere, since I am to be judge, I'll endeavour to set matters right betwixt two such well-meaning litigants. You Godemer are in the wrong to forget the respect due to your master, who may order you to go as he pleases, and you are not to build upon his good nature;

nature ; therefore I sentence you to ride behind the coach to the end of this field, and there you shall submissively ask him to restore you to your former honour, which I'll engage he will not refuse. By the mass, cried Chapelle, that decree will gain you more honour than all your plays ; 'faith, Moliere, this is wit and contrivance indeed. Well, in regard to your admirable expedient, I entirely forgive the rascal. I am really obliged to you, Moliere, for this expedient ; I was at a quandary, for 'twas a knotty business. Adieu ; of all the judges in France Moliere for my money.

Chapelle and the marshal de ——— once supping together, amidst the glasses begun to reflect on the calamities of this life, and the uncertainty whether there might not be one hereafter : this led them to agree, that nothing could be more tremendous than to live without religion ; but at the same time, it seemed to them impossible to hold on in a christian course for a long succession of years, and they thought that the martyrs had the best on't, whom a few momentary sufferings translated to an eternal felicity.

city. In order to the same expeditious way, says Chapelle, we cannot do better than to go as christian missionaries into Turkey : we shall be seized, says he, and carried before some fierce infidel Pacha ; I'll give him a Rowland for his Oliver, and you marshal must be sure not to flinch. I shall be impaled for my resoluteness, next you'll be impaled, and so we get to heaven in a trice. The marshal, piqued that Chapelle thus assumed the precedence, took him up ; no, no, 'tis I who am a duke, a peer, and marshal of France, who must be spokesman and the leading martyr ; and not such an Insignificant as you. A fig for your marshal and duke, replied Chapelle ; upon which the marshal lets fly his plate at Chapelle ; Chapelle grapples with the marshal ; table, stands, and chairs, are overfet in an instant. This hurly-burly drew the servants to part the fray ; but the occasion of it was not soon forgotten at court.

Boileau and several other wits, among the rest Chapelle, were invited to a supper, where Boileau read several passages of his *Lutrin* ; but Chapelle, heated  
with



with the good chear, put in his word  
several times to find fault ; till the poet  
in a fret, said, Hold y<sup>r</sup> tongue, Cha-  
pelle, you are intoxicated. I am not  
half so much intoxicated with wine, re-  
plied Chapelle, as you are with your  
jingle.



*The END of VOL. I.*





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